The Nation.

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The Week.

The President has taken the proper stand in publicly rebuking the Federal district attorneys and marshals in Alabama who have attempted to remove subordinates for political reasons. He justly says that "of all offices of the Government, those of the Department of Justice should be kept free from any suspicion of improper action on partisan or factional grounds." Without meaning to detract in any way from the credit the President deserves for these words, we venture to hope that no Southerner will be so unkind as to assent to their correctness and then ask Mr. Roosevelt why he does not apply the same doctrine at home. There is the District Attorney's office in this city, for instance. Why should not it also be protected from any suspicion of improper action? Most persons are apt to think that this branch of the legal arm of the Government is quite as important as that of Birmingham. Why, then, should it have been burdened with William M. Byrne, lately a Federal district attorney in Delaware, and now a full-fledged assistant here? No one has yet discovered why Mr. Roosevelt should go out of this State to fill the position, except the more than suspicious fact that this tool of Addicks was very useful in reassuring in 1900 and 1902 certain Irish Catholic circles which had become very uneasy over the Administration's attitude towards their Church in the Philippines.

The semi-official defence of President Roosevelt's action in appointing a civilian fifty-four years of age to a majority in the army only puts the President in a worse light. Congressmen Bradley of Newburgh and Secretary Cortelyou—not Governor Odell, it appears—obtained the promise of the job for their friend, so ready to don the uniform after thirty years of laborious practice of the law. The President, then, is giving away eagerly sought army offices to oblige a Congressman and the chairman of the Republican National Committee. The statement that Mr. Fowler was not Mr. Roosevelt's own choice, and that he would rather have given the place to one of those Rough Riders for whom he has so thoughtfully been providing offices ever since he entered the White House, only aggravates his renunciation of the appointing power. Nor does the excuse that the place in question was previously filled by a civilian help matters. It is a highly important military office. As a veteran officer writes us: "The position is one that can be properly filled only by an officer who has had long experience, as it is really an appointment in the Adjutant-General's Department." The truth of this statement appears in the fact that Major Fowler will be promoted to the position of lieutenant-colonel and assistant adjutant-general of the army next year—after only one year's service.

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have an ungrateful" bantling must be the reflection of the Administration over the unpleasant reaction against the United States again manifest in Panama. On Friday President Amador invited a number of prominent citizens to the Government palace, and a declaration was then launched that "the Panama Government should firmly demand a full compliance with the text and spirit of the treaty, and should by no means tacitly permit its violation in any shape or manner which would be derogatory to the nation's dignity before the world." The Panamans persist in thinking that the President is unwilling to relinquish control over Panaman ports, and to comply with the treaty which recognizes Panama as an independent and sovereign State. If Panamans think that this Administration, after violating its treaty obligations with Colombia, and after having overthrown Colombian sovereignty under the pretext of our guarantee of the neutrality of the Isthmus, is going to be sedulously regardful of the rights of such a comic-opera republic as Panama, we fear they are doomed to disappointment. It will only be necessary to trot out the stalking-horse of an "international easement" in Panaman ports to grab just as many of them as may be convenient.

The mighty fabric of our Imperial judicature is slowly but surely rising. Already there has emerged into distinctness the general principle that an appeal lies from the decision of South American courts to the Executive Department of the United States. Thus, in Venezuela, where the Castro Administration has brought suit for damages against the New York and Bermudez Asphalt Company, although our State Department admits that "the course of the Castro Administration is entirely within the law," our State Department proposes to "examine with the utmost care the proceedings of the Venezuelan courts." If the allegations of gross injustice made by the New York concessionnaires are found by our State Department to be correct, Minister Bowen will at once receive word to inform Castro that "the property of the Americans must be promptly and wholly restored." There is here a curious analogy to the bifurcated prætorian jurisdiction developed under the Roman Empire. The *praetor urbanus*, whose code regulated the procedure of the city, has a parallel in our Supreme Court with its restricted continental jurisdiction; while the jurisdiction of the *praetor peregrinus*, whose code held in suits to which foreigners were party, seems to be devolving upon the Secretary of State and the Secretary of War.

"Reconstruction in Samar" has a familiar sound, bringing up sweet memories of "Hell-Roaring Jake" Smith, the cold-blooded killings of Major Waller, and some other attractive happenings in the spring of 1902. Then we were told, particularly after the capture of Lucban, that the war in Samar was over, that peace reigned over a desolate country. We have been repeatedly informed since then by Gov. Taft and others that only the Moros were in arms against the triumphant United States. But the children under twelve, who alone were to have been spared by Gen. Smith's orders, have apparently grown up and taken arms into their small hands, for Gov. Wright, in despair of subjugating this pacific island, has ordered the immediate forcible concentration of the populace into those hateful camps which disgraced Spain in Cuba and England in the Transvaal, and about which we were once so terribly indignant. When is the war in the Philippines to end, and when is the needless waste of American lives to stop?

Turkey has yielded, as usual, to the naval demonstrations at Smyrna, and American institutions will receive the most-favored-nation treatment. Secretary Hay will record another facile "triumph," and everybody will be pleased except Minister Leishman, who has no assurance that next time he will not be obliged to pass again through the circumlocution office. Most of all, perhaps, the missionaries will be delighted, for have they not proclaimed, in the land of the Koran or the sword, the Gospel or the battleship? Everything is settled until next time, and with this instance of American intervention, which fortunately has ended well, the Concert of Europe has one more argument for undertaking the regeneration of the sick man of the East.

The Federal Government's employment policy is very properly that of "the open shop." The strike of the union bricklayers on the buildings of the War College at Washington, because of the employment of a non-union negro certified to the superintendent by the Civil

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Service Commission, has collapsed. On the 10th instant seventeen additional non-union bricklayers from Philadelphia were at once set to work upon alighting from the train, thus securing the full complement of forty-five first-class men —all that were required to finish the job. The majority of the strike-breakers are negroes, and the report comes from Washington that "they lay more brick and are less inclined to discuss labor questions and hours than their striking predecessors." The Government's policy in this matter of making no distinction between unionists and non-unionists not only is required by the spirit of the Constitution, but is eminently politic, so long as only a very small fraction of wage-earners are unionists. To adopt the policy of "the closed shop" in Federal employment would be to invite speedy political destruction.

The Reign of Terror in Colorado has been challenged, and the return to sanity and the reign of law promises to begin. The Rev. Thomas S. Leland, pastor of a Methodist church at Cripple Creek, who has taken no part in the industrial disturbances except that about a month ago he inveighed against the lawlessness of the deportation system, was warned recently by masked men to leave the Cripple Creek district. He has very properly and courageously declared that he intends to remain, and, if necessary, to defend himself against mob violence. The situation in Colorado has ceased to be a local disturbance, and has become a national peril. Between the unionists who originally used dynamite to murder their non-union competitors, and the Ku-klux Klan, which, in the interest of the operators, has terrorized whole sections and deported suspects without warrant of law, there is as little to choose as between the negro ravisher of the South and the miscreant mob that roasts him. It is time that both were made to bow before the majesty of the law. It is also significant that the brave stand of the Rev. Mr. Leland and the support which he is receiving at the hands of the non-combatant residents of Cripple Creek, follow so closely upon Judge Parker's emphatic insistence upon the menace to our republican institutions which comes from the disregard of law.

The establishment of the open shop would considerably clear the somewhat polluted atmosphere in the Building Trades. From it not only would honest labor gain, but honest capital. For years unions and employers in Manhattan have worked together in an unholy alliance. The unions have aimed at controlling the labor market; the employers at controlling all contracts. By working together both parties have succeeded. In return for the employers' favor of putting only union men on jobs, the latter have refused to work for outside contractors. As a result, building contracts in Manhattan have been kept in the hands of a few. Many out of town concerns have attempted to get business, but have almost invariably retired in bad condition. Their success has been impeded by strikes and boycotts, and their affairs have frequently been settled in the bankruptcy courts. The adoption of the arbitration agreement a year ago was regarded by some as the fine flower of this system. Its foundation stone was the exclusive employment of unions. The open shop, however, means the end of the non-competitive era; if it is enforced, outside builders can take contracts. For this reason it may seem incredible that the employers should favor it. There have been many signs, however, that the employers have had to pay dearly for their monopoly of union labor. Under it, building is about 50 per cent. more expensive in Manhattan than in other American cities; and, on a large scale, has all but ceased. Thus the builders as well as the public would gain by a return to early conditions.

A bolt from the blue has carried consternation to the friends of protection. Lodge has turned traitor and has been denounced by the American Protective Tariff League. His recent reciprocity speech has been placed in the Index Expurgatorius by that high keeper of protectionist orthodoxy. Lodge's fall from grace is complete. When a large number of Massachusetts Republicans declared that Canadian reciprocity was of "vital" importance to the United States, he jumped up and affirmed that he and all his Republican colleagues from the Bay State were of a similar mind. He recanted all he had previously said about the superiority of the "American idea" to the "Massachusetts idea." But he grossly misrepresented Republican sentiment "when he asserted that there is no disagreement with the Massachusetts idea." To have stated otherwise in the hope of placating an enemy "bent upon the downfall of himself and the Republican party was," in the opinion of his austere critic, "an act of folly, an act of cowardice." Indeed, we are bluntly told that Henry Cabot Lodge may fail of reelection to the Senate.

Every man on the list of names which comprises the officers and founders of the new Parker Constitutional Club is a lawyer of note in this community, and many of them, like Wheeler H. Peckham, John E. Parsons, W. B. Hornblower, and Austen G. Fox, enjoy the highest standing at the bar. Every one of these showed his independence and courage in the Bryan days by opposing that candidate for the Presidency. Now they believe that the issue of Constitutional as against personal and autocratic government in the United States is so pressing as to demand their best efforts, precisely as did the gold-standard issue in 1896 and 1900. They cannot be sneered at as mere alarmists, nor can their motives be questioned. Here is plain proof that men accustomed to dealing with matters judicial and legal have responded to the clear notes of Judge Parker's speech.

Two more human beings burnt alive at the stake—in Statesboro, Georgia; black, of course; the mob striking a proper attitude to allow of the photographer's seizing the psychologic moment; small boys looking on, imbibing the higher education in race hatred and cruelty; the crowd fumbling in the ashes for bone souvenirs. There was nothing new in this, or, alas! in the dreadful crime avenged; but the men (part of a gang) had been tried, convicted, and sentenced without delay. The Rev. H. A. Hodges, brother of the murdered man, was permitted to offer a petition before the regular session of the court, praying Christianly "for the spirit of a sound mind, a godly judgment, and an unbiassed verdict." He also prayed for the observance of the laws of the land. Judge Daly admirably seconded this appeal by urging discrimination between the innocent and the guilty. "The entire country applauds when you observe the law, but no one is with you when you violate the law." The military precautions against mob violence were prompt, but the soldiers were armed with Quaker guns—unloaded. This discovered, the mob had its way. Once more is disproved the false pretence that tardy justice is the cause of lynching. Not justice, but torture, but terror; and, above all, the "spectacle"—*panem et Circenses.*

The frantic buying of wheat reminds one of the cotton situation in 1903. That there will be a considerable reduction in the American crop is beyond doubt, but that conditions at the moment warrant the present high quotations is by no means certain. With the Government's August 1st figures as a basis, experts figure out a total wheat crop of about 605,000,000 bushels. But since the first of the month there have been reports of injury to spring wheat in the Northwest, and there is the greatest difference of opinion as to how far the actual yield will fall below 600,000,000 bushels. Mr. J. J. Hill estimates the harvest at 500,000,000 bushels. The most that can be said is that this year's yield will be the smallest since 1900, when the crop amounted to 522,229,505 bushels. As the world's wheat harvest is likely to be small rather than large this year, prices bid fair to range comparatively high for the next twelve months. But recent quotations have been based on what

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speculators think of the future, not on the present actual demand for consumption. As the cotton manipulators figured that the staple would go to 20 cents a pound, so wheat boomers are in some cases predicting $1.25 a bushel. The world will gamble. When the stock market collapsed, it turned to cotton, wheat, and coffee, and is now taking up wheat a second time.

Spanish cotton manufacturers are among the latest to fall under the fascinating spell of "dumping." According to the Manchester *Guardian*, the loss of her colonies has greatly hampered Spain's cotton mills. They are now without an outlet for a part of their production, and an agent has been travelling over Europe to find out for them how to remedy the situation. As a result of his inquiries, the Barcelona spinners have been asked to form a syndicate and by common action export the surplus, which amounts to about 20 per cent. It is frankly proposed to sell this at a loss of 10 per cent., if need be; but it is asserted that this can "easily and without appreciably enhancing prices" be recovered in the sale of the remaining 80 per cent. Very likely the Spanish people will not protest. But if they were so disposed, they might say: "Perhaps prices of cotton goods at home will not be 'appreciably' enhanced, but how will it be if the cost of everything else is also increased by 'dumping'? If 'dumping' is good for one set of manufacturers, it is good for all, but in that case it would ruin us." According to Mr. Chamberlain, nations on whom foreign goods are "dumped" ought to be ashamed of themselves for buying them. But their shame is not likely to be so great as the anger of the countries whose manufacturers supply these odious goods. Bye and bye the cry may go up, "Dump and let dump!"

Mr. Balfour's refusal to call a colonial conference sets him more than ever at odds with Mr. Chamberlain, who only the other day affirmed that the colonies desired preferential trade, and practically dared the Premier to poll them on the subject. Mr. Chamberlain is for prompt action; Mr. Balfour for delay. How under these circumstances a clash can long be avoided it is hard to imagine. The two men are not only preferring different policies, but pursuing opposed ends. Mr. Balfour desires to save the Unionist organization as it is, and makes it a point of loyalty to postpone an inevitable defeat. Mr. Chamberlain would throw over the Unionists to-day as cheerfully as he did the Liberals twenty years ago. Again he is willing to build his political fortunes on secession. Delay he feels only strengthens the Liberals —a view emphasized by the return of North East Lanark to Liberalism—and so puts off the triumph of the new Protectionist party. So Mr. Chamberlain has been pleading with Mr. Balfour for a prompt reference of the fiscal issue to the constituencies and to the colonies; and the strength of Mr. Chamberlain's position is that he does not need to beg. He votes two hundred of Mr. Balfour's majority, and may turn the Premier out whenever he pleases. Mr. Balfour must appreciate as never before the proverb, "Needs must when the devil drives," and nobody can regard it as a happy lot to go half-way with Mr. Chamberlain.

The fact that Lord Cromer calls for $107,000,000 for irrigation and railroad schemes in Egypt and the Sudan does not mean that anything like that amount will be borrowed now, if ever. It is stated that about $40,000,000 will be needed for Egypt and $65,000,000 for the Sudan, but that the work of improvement will be carried on gradually. The White Nile is to be used for the wider irrigation of the one country, and the Blue Nile for the benefit of the other, and the Suakim-Berber Railroad has still to be completed. Nature has imposed a limit to the canal and railroad development of Egypt. It is conceivable that the irrigating capacity of the Nile may be reached at no distant date. And as for railroad expansion, the larger part of the work has already been accomplished in Egypt, though the Sudan may call for a good deal of new mileage from time to time. How are these improvements to be paid for? In his last annual report Lord Cromer discussed this question, and, as regards Egypt's part in the programme, was of the opinion that it ought to be possible to obtain all the capital that would be needed in the near future without borrowing. It will astonish Americans to learn that he proposed to do this by rigid economy in the handling of his receipts from year to year.

Since the wreck left by the Commune was repaired by Thiers and his associates, no man has done more for republicanism in France than the late Waldeck-Rousseau. He was a man to whom the country looked in emergencies. Wealthy both by inheritance and by his great skill as an advocate, it is probable that he honestly preferred his leisure as a cultivated man of the world to political triumphs. Like our own Mr. Whitney, he dispatched his political duties with supreme ability and ease, almost with indifference. A Gallic Cincinnatus, M. Waldeck-Rousseau turned reluctantly from his paint-brushes to the tiller of the State. All the world knows that he took hold of the French Republic in 1899 when it had fallen into the perilous staleness of early middle life. That is often a bad time for an individual or a nation. It was a bad time for France. Under the fanatical Dupuy and the complacent Félix Faure, the Dreyfus affair had stirred the dregs of the ugliest passions that afflict the French soul. All that was most violent or most frivolous in the republic had come to the top. The old Moderate Republicans were helpless in the confusion; the Déroulèdes wildly hoped that the day for a new *coup d'état* was approaching. At this point M. Waldeck-Rousseau consolidated into a Party of Republican Defence practically all the Radicals, many of the Moderate Republicans, and the Socialists.

The accession of the Socialists has been beneficent. It has changed a faction that might have been subversive into a party of gradual social reform. To M. Waldeck-Rousseau's sagacity in making M. Millerand a Minister and M. Jaurès an adviser, is due the absorption of the Socialists into the normal political life. Incidentally, this left the Nationalists in an insignificant minority. The appeal of the Dreyfus case, although inconclusive morally, was one of M. Waldeck-Rousseau's finest achievements. How far he would have gone with his Socialist allies we can only guess. He passed the famous act dissolving the religious associations, but, later, criticised M. Combes's harsh application of the law. He had promised old-age pensions —a promise still unfulfilled. It is probable that he would have kept a tighter rein on his Socialists than M. Combes has wished or dared, and would gradually have built up out of the coalition a progressive republican party. France can ill spare him. She has abundant political capacity, but no such high political intelligence in reserve, for the next emergency. That, however, may come later, and less ominously, because M. Waldeck-Rousseau undertook the reconstructive work of 1899.

From every point of view the capture of a Russian destroyer in the Chinese port of Chefoo was an outrageous act. It was due, apparently, to the officiousness of a Japanese lieutenant who assumed in enforcing the neutrality laws to act for the Emperor of China, and to the hotheadedness of the Russian commander who descended to fisticuffs and the mock heroics of preparing to blow up his ship. But because this most foolish and indecent exploit puts Japan in the wrong before all civilization, it should not be forgotten that only China in the first instance, and Russia through China, have the right of formal protest. We assume that Japan will give the fullest satisfaction; she is so far in the wrong that she cannot afford to do otherwise. It is a case for apologies, damages, and the cashiering of the Japanese officer who gave so discreditable an exhibition of hotheadedness.

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JUDGE PARKER'S SPEECH.

Ever since Judge Parker's telegram declaring that the Presidency must come to him right or he would not have it, his greatest peril has been that of an anti-climax. Could he hold the ear of the country which he had so instantaneously gained? Or would his act of bold initiative be followed by timidities of speech? His highly dramatic first appearance on the national stage made it the harder, yet the more necessary, to fix the eye of the spectators when he stepped forth a second time. But all doubts of his ability fittingly to follow up his great stroke are solved by his speech of acceptance. It is the utterance of a man who does his own thinking, who has something to say, and who says it with the utmost frankness. The country will pronounce him a man worth listening to, and will gladly hear him further.

His speech is long, but not rambling, and a single conception runs through and vitalizes the whole. It is the old American conception of liberty under law. Not for nothing has this man been giving his mind to the study and exposition of jurisprudence. From it he has drawn that doctrine of American government which never was so much in need of being proclaimed and enforced as to-day, and which he expounds and illustrates so powerfully—the doctrine, namely, of a free people decreeing orderly liberty by law, and determining the authority while limiting the powers of those set to execute the law. Judge Parker applies it with vigor and pungency. He shows how it cuts both ways, striking alike at grasping oppression and mob violence, protecting the workingman against arbitrary deportation at the same time that it inhibits his interference with "the right to labor" which others enjoy. The growing impatience of the restraints of law has alarmed Americans who stop to think, and Judge Parker puts his finger surely upon that ailing spot. He names no names. He does not say who those executives are that have rashly done what seemed to them good, law or no law. His attitude is that of Chapman, who characterized an offender without naming him, and added: "I have stricken; single him as you can."

This same idea of law as at once bulwark and weapon, guarantee and remedy, Judge Parker carries into his discussion of Trusts and the tariff. He has no nostrum to offer. None of the conventional candidate's promises of a millennium after his election fall trippingly from his tongue. He calls simply for the enforcement of the laws we have before flying to others that we know not of. To him no way of orderly government is conceivable except due process of law. The absolutely honest way in which Judge Parker's mind works is shown by his words about the tariff. He will not promise what he knows his party cannot perform. Emphasizing the existence of gross tariff injustices, he frankly admits that the Senate will remain for a time an insuperable barrier to sweeping revision, and says that the best a Democratic House and Executive could do would be to dash at the doors of the Senate with bills repealing the more flagrant tariff schedules, in the hope that an aroused public opinion would compel even that fortress of monopoly to surrender. This may be an humble tariff programme, but it honestly faces the facts as they are.

The money question is treated most happily. Judge Parker reaffirms his own declaration for the irrevocable gold standard, but does it incidentally as a part of his acknowledgement of the honor done him in nominating him with his convictions upon that subject known. That is all, but that is enough. Why linger upon dead issues? The silver question is defunct. Let us turn to subjects in which the people take a live interest.

It is a noble passage of the speech which shows how un-American is the tawdry militarism which the Republican party has of late been flaunting. And in speaking up so emphatically as he does in behalf of Philippine independence, Judge Parker shows how precious to him are American traditions. It is the casting away of our ideals, the stretching of our Constitution to the breaking-point, the abhorrent thought of a free people having subject peoples, which are to Judge Parker the grievous things in our Philippine delusion. The ring of indignation in his voice as he speaks of that wandering away from the true path is unmistakably honest. We happen to know that he was warned by some timid Democrats against putting such plain-spoken words in his speech, but he merely said: "Make votes or lose votes, those are my honest views, and I shall state them."

Sincerity and elevation of mind appear unmistakably in Judge Parker's explicit declaration of intention to serve but one term, if elected. Much may be said for or against making a President ineligible for a second term, but nothing can be said against the reasons which Judge Parker gives for his own decision. He wishes to be above suspicion. To him, any attitude but the judicial is intolerable. That he should ever be approached as President with the argument that the course he thought right would lose delegates, is a prospect which he will not contemplate for a moment. Consequently, he takes his clear stand. If *he* is chosen President, we shall not witness an Executive feverishly working night and day to perfect the machine for a renomination. There will be many cheap jests about Judge Parker's putting aside what may never be his, but nothing of that kind can obscure the simple dignity of his announcement that, if his fellow-citizens elect him President, he will devote himself for four years entirely to their affairs.

Not that Judge Parker placed himself in a holier-than-thou position as regards his competitor. He was quick to say that he made no criticism of any President who had served two terms or sought to do so. Yet the very reasons that he gave for reaching this conclusion—which so astonished the professional politicians—have made thoughtful men run over in their minds the actions of President Roosevelt within the last year or year and a half. Why the *rapprochement* with Addicks? Why the readiness to sign the famous pension order merely to save Congress the trouble of legislating? Why the installation of Senator Quay's notorious son in the Naval Office in Philadelphia? And, since the nomination, why the reconciliation with "Lou" Payn and the appointment of Gov. Odell's white-haired civilian neighbor to a majority in the regular army over the heads of hundreds of officers of long and faithful service? Do these and many similar acts bespeak the President who is, in Judge Parker's words, "unembarrassed by any possible thought of the influence his decision may have upon anything whatever that may affect him personally"?

The speech at Esopus makes it plain to all that Judge Parker was the right candidate with whom to oppose President Roosevelt. The two men stand for antithetic ideals, and it is for the nation to make its choice between them. It is Constitutionalism versus Imperialism. It is law against impulse. It is the man of calm and poise and judicial habit against the impetuous meddler who leaps first and asks afterwards what the law is, who violates a treaty and thinks it defence enough if he says his own "sense of honor" was satisfied. If Americans have got tired of all the fret and sham of militarism and the meretricious glitter of Imperialism, they will turn with relief to Judge Parker. But, whether they do or not, he has shown himself a man worthy of their confidence and their suffrages, and has already wrought a great work for his country by pointing it to the things which make for peace and true grandeur.

THE WISCONSIN TANGLE.

Now that the Wisconsin difficulty has been brought into court, many loyal Republicans will breathe easier, regarding the dispute as in a fair way to be settled. Such confidence that, however complicated the knot may be, a lawsuit will untie it, comes naturally out of that pervading respect for the courts and belief in the supremacy of law which lies at the root of the American character. The prophecy which is most respectfully listened to regarding the Wisconsin situation is, that if the Su-

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preme Court gives to Gov. La Follette's faction the label of regularity, he will win, while if the Stalwarts are successful in court, they will draw from La Follette not enough votes to win, but enough to divide the party vote somewhere near the middle and thus elect a Democratic Governor. In other words, the balance of power is held by those Republicans who are waiting for the voice of the Supreme Court and will vote as it decides. The plausibility of this view lies in the fact that the issue which caused the split was such a matter as the courts are especially qualified to decide with authority.

Two years ago the "Stalwart" faction saw just the same dangers as to-day in La Follette's hostility to the railroads, his ignoring of all precedents in his demand for primary legislation, and his generally radical programme. Dissatisfied factions of both State and national parties have bolted in the past on grounds of much the same sort without pretending that they constituted a majority of the party. Yet in Wisconsin, Spooner and Quarles and Babcock have given at least their nominal support to the Governor in his two campaigns. It was not until the question arose whether Gov. La Follette was entitled to 497 5-6 or 574 5-6 votes in the State Convention that his opponents walked out and formed an organization of their own. Now, if anybody can bring order out of the chaos of conflicting claims which it takes some 400 printed pages merely to state, it is a court of justice.

If the court does undertake to go through the voluminous records and the precedents—which it is by no means certain to do—and then decides that under the party rules and precedents the Spooner men were justified in bolting, or that La Follette's committee acted within its rights, fair-minded citizens everywhere will be disposed to believe that the court has found the truth as to which faction was right in the second week in May. But how will the voter regard this in the second week in November? To decide the merits of the complicated and technical issue which furnished the pretext for a bolt, is not the same as deciding the merits of the larger but simpler issues which made the Stalwarts desire to bolt.

Combined with his reverence for legal process, the American voter has an extremely practical and direct desire to accomplish results. "Grant that La Follette dealt high-handedly with his opponents," he may say. "Grant, if you please, that he deliberately stole the State convention. Nevertheless, I believe in the policies for which he stands, and the other side represents everything that I abhor." The question, "Which of these two men do I want for Governor?" will overshadow, in the minds of nine men out of ten, when principle is involved, the other question, "Which of these two men got his nomination in the regular way?"

Gov. La Follette's surprising tactics at the National Convention were, in fact, based on a truer understanding of the considerations which influence voters than those of his partisans who are now devoting all their arguments to the merits of the State split. What the everyday man likes above all things is an excuse for disregarding technicalities. "I decline to present my case," said La Follette to the credentials committee at Chicago. "You have prejudged it against me." Very well. The next day the committee did decide against him. "That's what you expect in politics," says the voter. "When one side controlled the committee, it 'won out.' When the other side controlled it, that side won out." So he sets the two decisions over against each other, and forthwith prepares to vote for the side in whose principles he believes.

As to the State tickets in Wisconsin, then, we feel sure that the practical effect of the forthcoming Supreme Court decision has been much overestimated. How will it influence the electoral ticket which alone gives this Western squabble its exceptional national interest? Here, again, there is no reason for expecting much from the courts. The contestants are vying with one another in protestations of loyalty to Roosevelt. If the Democrats carry the whole or a part of the State's electoral vote, it will be due partly to the difficulty of securing a full vote when every Republican must split his ticket, voting for eleven electors in one column and two in another, and partly to the resentment of La Follette men against the treatment they have received at the hands of the national party. Democrats in large numbers will unquestionably vote simultaneously for La Follette and for Parker electors. There will be, at the same time, a group of Stalwarts voting for Roosevelt electors and a Democratic Governor, which may counterbalance these. And while they are adjusting their various views on the Presidency and the Governorship, almost anything may happen with respect to the Legislature which chooses a Senator for the seat of Mr. Quarles. Apparently, a majority there will be almost impossible for any one of the three parties to secure.

That some voters will interpret a Supreme Court decision as a final pronouncement on the merits of the whole controversy cannot be doubted. There are some, indeed, in every State who never look farther than the word "Republican" on the ballot sheet. But voters in general can be trusted, after four years of continuous agitation, to know what they want and what is the simplest way to get it. If certificates of regularity could change the minds of men fighting for a principle, J. Edward Addicks, to look no farther from home, would have a united party behind him in Delaware.

FALLACIES ABOUT FOREIGN TRADE

"Next to love and religion, nothing has filled so many lunatic asylums as money and the exchanges"—particularly the foreign exchanges. Almost every popular utterance upon this subject is infected with error, and the complexities of the matter itself would deceive the very elect. The recent publication of the statistics of our exports and imports for the last fiscal year ending June 30, 1904, has been the fruitful occasion of a renewal of this crop of fallacies. The condition of the error-crop for the current season is, indeed, far above the average.

The truth of first magnitude in the firmament of international trade is that, on the whole, merchandise exports pay for merchandise imports. No considerable fraction of our imports do we purchase, nor can we purchase, with gold, inasmuch as our annual merchandise imports exceed in value our total stock of gold. Moreover, if we were foolhardy enough to make the attempt to pay for imports solely with gold, long before the process had continued for six months the enhanced purchasing power of gold in this country, due to its relative scarcity here, and the diminished purchasing power of gold abroad, owing to its relative abundance there, would turn the gold outflow in our direction, and set up a goods efflux to every nation on earth. Exports, therefore, pay for imports. What lessens the volume of one is bound to lessen the volume of the other. They are chained together by a causal nexus, and any denial of their inevitable correlation is merely the blind preference of darkness to light. It is unnecessary to say that a tariff, especially a tariff as unreasonably high as the Dingley abomination, results in making both exports and imports less than they would otherwise be. If in 1894-5 our exports were $807,000,000 and in 1903-4 they were $1,460,000,000, the growth was in spite of the obstruction to the free exchange of commodities. To the *Tribune* this is unthinkable. That journal would argue that a growing boy who in a decade has attained the stature of a man despite his over-indulgence in whiskey and cigarettes, must necessarily have grown because he smoked and guzzled. This is Error No. 1, and shows its victim to be in the bond of economic bitterness and in the gall of financial iniquity.

Another deduction, somewhat more involved and therefore more excusable than the first, has come from the analysis of our exports for the last fiscal year. More than 60 per cent., it appears, of our total exports are of agricultural products, and in particular we are found to export 65 per cent. of our cotton and 30 per cent. of our wheat. This is a

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cause of sorrow to those economic wiseacres whose analysis extends about as far as their noses. They can see that the raw cotton which is here converted into textiles creates, first, a demand for the labor of the cotton-raiser, and, second, a demand for the labor of the operative in the cotton mill. They imagine that when we export a bale of raw cotton we thereby surrender all further employment for our laborers who might otherwise have made cotton cloth out of the bale in our New England or our Southern cotton mills. That this is the naïve doctrine propounded, the following extracts will demonstrate. The *Times* says:

> "The nation would gain immensely in the economic sense by a policy which would tend to increase the home consumption of its agricultural products. It is better that wage-earners engaged in our industries should consume our wheat and corn, in order that, instead of exporting foodstuffs and raw cotton, we should send into foreign markets a vastly greater annual volume of manufactured products."

And the *Sun* sets its seal to the *Times* being true in the following passage:

> "Of course, we should be the gainers if every pound of it [raw cotton] were exported in manufactured form. Every process through which the raw material passes in its conversion into fabrics would mean employment for American wage-earners. . . . It is better for the country to sell $200,000,000 worth of boots and shoes, hardware and tools, sewing-machines and typewriters, cotton cloth, and print goods, and a miscellany of manufactured wares, than to sell $300,000,000 worth of raw cotton, copper ingots, and mineral oil."

Even admitting, for the sake of argument, that the amount of employment afforded is the ultimate index of the profitableness of foreign trade, this argument will not hold water. We sell $300,000,000 of raw cotton, copper ingots, and mineral oil for what, let us ask? Not for money ultimately, esteemed contemporaries; for let us remind you for the second time that international trade in the last resort is barter, *barter*, BARTER. For our cotton and copper and oil we buy raw sugar and raw silk and unmanufactured tobacco, among many hundreds of other articles. Does the conversion of this raw material in our sugar refineries, our silk mills, and our tobacco factories occasion any employment for labor? That is the side of the matter which this short-sighted argument always fails to grasp. J. S. Mill puts the matter tersely when he says:

> "The alternative is not between employing our own people and foreigners, but between employing one class and another of our own people. The imported commodity is always paid for, directly or indirectly, with the produce of our own industry; that industry being, at the same time, rendered more productive, since, with the same labor and outlay, we are enabled to possess ourselves of a greater quantity of the article."

THE FIGHTING AT SEA.

Russia had little to expect from the sortie from Port Arthur. Wittsoefft, like Cervera before him, preferred to go down fighting to being pounded to pieces in harbor. The most he could hope was to sell his fleet dearly, and possibly to get a handful of the swifter vessels through to Vladivostok. On every count such hopes have been disappointed. The flagship *Tsesarevitch* and the armored cruiser *Askold* are being dismantled in Chinese ports. Of the torpedo flotilla, numbering thirty-two originally, only eight, most of which are out of action, took the sea with the fleet. Several of the torpedo boats, which apparently followed at a distance and attempted to slip past in the confusion, lie wrecked on the Shantung coast. Five battleships and one armored cruiser have crept back to Port Arthur, where their dockyards are swept by the Japanese batteries, and must lie in the outer roadstead subject to attack from a victorious fleet. Add to this that Kamimura on Sunday sunk the *Rurik* and drove the great armored cruisers *Rossia* and *Gromboi* back to Vladivostok, and that in all this fighting no Japanese vessel of the larger classes appears to have been disabled, and the measure of the Russian disaster is complete. Command of the sea, which, had the Russian fleet been kept intact until reinforced from the Baltic, would have been seriously in question, now belongs unqualifiedly to Japan.

The battle of August 10 was the first engagement between fleets of modern armored vessels fighting on approximately equal terms. Wittsoefft's line of battle included six battleships, four of which had undergone serious repairs; three armored cruisers, one protected cruiser, and eight torpedo craft. The powerful armored cruiser *Bayan*, for reasons unknown, was left behind, and the torpedo fleet apparently had orders to avoid a fight and run individually to Vladivostok. Togo's fleet comprised five battleships, the entire complement; three armored cruisers, and the *Chin Yen*, a coast-defence vessel of heavy armament; three protected cruisers, and a great flotilla of destroyers and torpedo boats, which, as the battle was mostly fought at long range, were practically out of the reckoning. Togo's nominal inferiority of one battleship was more than made up by the damaged condition of at least half the Russian vessels, and more particularly by the superior armament of the Japanese cruisers, which mounted main batteries of 8-inch guns. Since the Russian warships commanded nothing between twelve and six inches, they were at a great disadvantage in long-range firing.

Togo, who may later need his fleet to meet the Baltic squadron, pursued his usual cautious tactics, and his victory was due to the accuracy of the Japanese gunnery and their greatly superior weight of metal at the long distance. An observer reports that the *Askold*, at Shanghai, had over two hundred shell holes; the *Tsesarevitch* lost a third of her crew; the *Retvizan* had her great guns silenced—these items give some idea of the punishment the Russians received. It seems probable that of their five battleships still afloat only the *Peresviet* and *Poltava* can be fit to go into action. And the shattering of the fleet has cost the Japanese only a few score casualties and not a single ship.

A great dread is removed from Japan, for there has always been the off chance that the control of the sea might pass to Russia. Had the Vladivostok and Port Arthur squadrons made the Japanese give ship for ship, a new fleet from Russia could have easily commanded the sea, and cut off the Japanese army from its military supplies. Such a disaster seemed hardly possible when one considered the often demonstrated incapacity of the Russians on the water, but the sensational raids of Skrydloff had taught the Japanese not to despise even a clumsy foe, and had shown that their naval superiority hung wholly on the success of Togo. Now the long waiting is over; nothing, apparently, can menace their control of the sea; the siege of Port Arthur is no longer urgent; a great victory about Liaoyang would put the Russians in a position in which they might have to sue for peace. In other words, the incalculable element of the war has been largely eliminated, and the Japanese are apparently beyond the point where they need fear any sudden or overwhelming catastrophe such as hitherto has impended.

Scientific deductions from the sea-fighting, experts will make in due time. Already it is apparent that the effectiveness of dirigible torpedoes has been grossly overestimated. Frequent hits have been made under the most favorable conditions, but no vessel struck was sunk, and five of the Russian ships which on Wednesday week underwent the far severer ordeal of gun fire had been torpedoed at Port Arthur. The battle of last week seems to show that, barring that treacherous weapon the mine, the gun is still the most destructive arm, and the battleship still the master of the seas. Persons who are not experts will read of the shambles aboard the *Tsesarevitch*, and, shuddering at the death that left only a red blot where a brave admiral had stood, will pray that some method may yet be found to turn to peaceful uses the valor and intellect which in such a battle are focused for purposes of slaughter.

A PUBLIC-SPIRITED MERCHANT.

The full extent of the late Samuel P. Avery's usefulness may never be known. Conspicuous as his position here in New York was, he gave modestly from the surplus of his collections to many coun-

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try institutions, ever fostering the love of art in its feebler beginnings. When one recalls that his considerable wealth was made in the sale of pictures, it is remarkable how true his professional conscience remained to his personal taste. The humbug that so often surrounds picture-dealing he was incapable of practising; he would no more have thought of following the more permissible methods of puffery than of practising the baser exploitations of the artist and the public.

To the art dealer who is also a true amateur of the beautiful there must be a constant tragedy in the thought of the beautiful things that have passed—if profitably—out of his hands. Unlike his colleagues, Mr. Avery was permitted to build something like a permanent monument to his taste through his fortunate association with the late W. H. Vanderbilt. With an uncommon humility Mr. Vanderbilt interposed between himself and the importunities of the commercial world of art the trained skill of Mr. Avery. What is still called *par excellence* the Vanderbilt collection represents, in the main, what Mr. Avery would have done a generation ago had he been collecting for himself. The greater part of these pictures are now loaned to the Metropolitan Museum, and every one may judge how carefully Mr. Avery executed that trust. There hangs "Les Gorges d'Aprémont" of Rousseau—one of the most impressive landscapes ever painted; the "Sower" of Millet, Diaz in all his modes, besides admirable examples of Couture, Meissonier, Alfred Stevens, and the military painters. Taste has changed in a generation; the brilliant and somewhat metallic qualities of Fortuny, Villegas, and Zamacois are now depreciated, yet no one can say as he runs over the list that the examples are not the best of their kind, nor deny that the collection has a permanent artistic value. "I never have seen so many good bad pictures in my life," said a connoisseur who dislikes the art of the Institute. That was a handsome compliment to a discernment that always contrived to find the grain of art in the desert of its academic counterfeits.

We have dwelt somewhat at length on this professional phase of Mr. Avery's activity because it shows how little compromise the connoisseur ever made with the picture dealer, and because it illustrates the fact that the element of personality was as strongly felt in the business man as it was later in the gentleman of refined leisure. The Avery Architectural Library at Columbia University, which was founded in memory of Mr. Avery's architect son, and chosen and catalogued in the most careful manner by the donor himself, was naturally the benefaction nearest to his heart. He made its enlargement a personal care, and found a librarian most inventive in devising helps and conveniences for the student. Every year this gift becomes more valuable. Hardly less a service to the cause of art was that of starting a print department of the New York Public Library. To this cause Mr. Avery gave the large collection of nineteenth-century etchings which he had been accumulating for forty years, and to the day of his death he made it a pleasure to add rare specimens or to fill gaps in the portfolios. By this one donation the new department gained importance in the world of art—a reputation that subsequent gifts, prompted, no doubt, by Mr. Avery's initiative, have further enhanced.

In both of these cases Mr. Avery gave far more than the money represented by the foundation; the experience he had won as an art dealer was the essential feature of the benefaction. This is perhaps the pleasantest feature of his remarkable career—that it would be quite impossible to say just where should be drawn the dividing line between his personal interests and public services. He never presented the somewhat pathetic spectacle of the man of great riches who brings money only, but no personal idea as to its proper spending. In all his association, as trustee, with the Metropolitan Museum he loved to think out and arrange personally the little collections which he gave or lent. In fact, he was, for a philanthropist, individual almost to excess; more set upon carrying out the many plans that came to him than eager to associate himself actively with the hundred and one organizations that make for art. Even so, this aloofness was not invariably successful (the Grolier Club managed to make him their president); but it cost him something of public appreciation, while, on the other hand, it spared him much talk and nonsense that would have been distasteful to him.

His long and honorable career seems to us peculiarly exemplary because of the dignity with which he filled public positions, and more especially because of the ease with which he turned from his business to public service. There is often a feeling that philanthropy of whatever sort is a formidable occupation. This is so only because benevolent people often rush ill-advisedly into causes which their regular pursuits least fit them to understand. Mr. Avery's discriminating use of his own special abilities may well remind us all that we are responsible only for our own talents, but for those strictly; and that a willing heart is all the better for being backed up by a wise head.

"OBLIGATORY AUTHORS."

That certain books, which, however, need not necessarily be read, should be in every gentleman's library, is generally admitted. The agreeable essayist and poet, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, in a little handbook, 'The Masters of English Literature,' takes the austerer view that "in English literature there are certain authors who may be classed as obligatory—concerning whom total ignorance is a defect at least to be concealed." His book will point out these obligatory authors to the ambitious; or supply the indispensable minimum of information to the indolent. To be well read, then, a person must know something about every author treated by Mr. Gwynn; to be totally ignorant of any of them, is to display a horrid gap in one's literary culture.

The questions, When is a person well read? and, What ignorances are compatible with culture? are worth pursuing for their own sakes. For if there is really a determined body of reading to which we may all measure up, by which we may regulate an order to the bookseller, it greatly behooves us to learn the list and fall to and read. If, on the contrary, there are great numbers of important authors whom one need not read at all, why, then, we shall be the easier in our minds, and reading will become no longer a stern matter of literary salvation, but rather of irresponsible pleasure. But no man may follow Mr. Gwynn without taking things seriously. Peruse the tablets of your memory; do you find thereon engraved Edward Young, of the "Night Thoughts," James Thomson—not of the "Dreadful Night," but of "The Seasons"; Blake, Cowper, Crabbe? If not, go down in poetry. In prose the case is hardly better: Smollett you must have read, and Charlotte Brontë, Cardinal Newman is obligatory, and eke Macaulay; Gibbon and Burke may not safely be neglected. In modern poetry the burden is lighter to be borne: of the Victorians, only Tennyson is indispensable. *A bas* supererogatory Browning Clubs.

Now, all this formalism may be very good for the people Mr. Gwynn addresses. We are willing that the literary riot act should be read to all lovers of *Tidbits* and readers of storiettes, though we doubt if it will draw them to any more consecutive joys; but what, in the name of Jemmy Thomson, has this summation to do with us who are free of the republic of letters? Who shall tell us that on our immortal souls we must read 'Perigrine Pickle' before the year is out? For him who knows how to read there are no obligatory authors. Of Egyptian darkness concerning that indispensable poem, "Night Thoughts," he is no more ashamed than he is of not owning, say, a motor boat; while if you tell him that any particular combination of poets and prosers is necessary to his reputation as a reader *teres atque rotundus*, he will disrespectfully liken you to equally grave counsellors who disadvise combinations of yachting caps and long coats. And his

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ridicule will be warranted, for the measure of culture through reading is not the obligatory, but the unnecessary, authors one reads. Show us a man who keeps to the Hundred Best Books, and we will show you a well-informed fool; perhaps, but a fool. Show us, on the other hand, the lad who devours Malory or Sidney's Sonnets; find us a drummer who travels with Sir Thomas Browne or passes his evenings with the subtleties of Dr. Donne, and we would show you one whose culture in books need fear no reproach, though he had not read a novel of George Eliot or a line of Tennyson.

But to give the literary propagandists their due, they must needs have a programme wherewith to impress the indifferent. Mr. Gwynn, a charming humorist at times, perhaps chuckles well when he writes down Crabbe and Smollett as obligatory. It takes such beating of the drum to get some people to do so much as to read Shakspere. Crabbe, among severely prescribed authors, is perhaps the fraction of a convict's term that may be remitted for good behavior. And there is, after all, this amount of truth in the theory of obligatory books, that the truly well-read man must have adventured in many fields of sentiment. We conceive of sufficient culture in the Bible and Shakspere alone, for each is rather a world than a book. But such concentration would generally mean that neither had been perceived as literature. In a way, then, one may be suspicious of the man who reads no novels or no poetry, is aghast at biography or essays; for the defect in his reading indicates infallibly a blunted side of his mind. Or, again, no person needs to have read Fielding, Thackeray, and George Meredith; yet at least one of these authors may be called obligatory for every reader. Without them he will hardly realize in literature the full graciousness of the worldly point of view, and his personal training to that extent will be halting. But the principle holds firm, that it is less important what we read than how we read it. Sunshine was extracted from such a cucumber as Hobbes by the late Leslie Stephen, yet that is no reason why any one who has read the 'Leviathan' should be puffed up; nor one who has never heard of that admirable monster unduly dejected should a literary gospeller suddenly include it among obligatory books.

POBLET.—I.

MONTPELLIER, June 29, 1904.

The present anti-clerical spirit in France, proceeding against the religious orders with unwearied constitutional activity, offers a striking contrast to the disposition on the other side of the Pyrenees that produced some seventy years ago the devastation brought under my notice five days since by the chances of travel. Amid the passionate struggles for freedom of thought and action that naturally followed the Peninsular War, little heed was paid to the preservation of monuments and records symbolizing or enshrining ecclesiastical rule. One hears often enough in Spain or Portugal how French troopers at Saragossa used priceless manuscripts snatched from monasteries for swabbing horses, and fed camp-fires with the wood-carvings of Thomar; but it must in distributive justice be said that on the Iberians themselves rests a good share of the responsibility for the actual *vacuæ sedes et inania arcana*.

At the foot of the slopes commanding a pretty valley of the Sierra de Prades, within easy walking distance of the railway station of Espluga on the Tarragona-Lerida line, stands the shell of what still remained, less than three generations ago, the most superb example of clerical pride and power in the whole peninsula—a monastery hallowed by constantly renewed papal sanction and benediction, the Pantheon of kings, the treasure-house of Aragon and Catalonia. Its history, preserved in archives now mostly destroyed, stretches back through a succession of splendid generations to the very beginnings of mediæval monasticism in eastern Spain, and, according to tradition, was associated with grants from a Moorish king to a hermit whose inflexible piety had moved the feelings of the Mohammedan chief. Poblet, the anchorite in question, was so favored by Heaven that ministering angels broke his prison fetters, upon which the *wali* (according to one reading) gave him leave to found his simple hermitage, or (according to another) pledged the honor of the Moor not to lift Christian cattle pasturing in the infidel domain. A further legend dwelt, with about equal plausibility, on the sudden appearance of three distinct sets of celestial rays —one, two, and three—of which the last, by reason of its greater intensity, was selected as indicating the site of the monastery yet to be; and it was added that, the early builders running short of supplies at a distance from food-centres, obtained, without special prayer, a miraculous provision from above. Are not all these things, and more, to be found in the 'Historia de Poblet' by Finestras? "El misuro fenomeno observaron los naturales del pais."

Imagination, however, is in our day constrained to exercise itself in other regions than that of history. An uncompromising little pamphlet entitled 'El Monasterio de Poblet,' by D. Adolfo Alegret (Barcelona, 1904), makes short work of it all for want of *testimonio preciso:* there was no *wali*, there was even no Poblet, for the latter term is merely an early Catalan equivalent of *poblacion, pueblo*, or simply "village." There also exists another less naïve tradition in which the choice of site received its direction not through the illumination of a heavenly beam, but in complete harmony with the spirit of practical shrewdness often displayed by cenobites in establishing their *lares*. It is said by the cynical peasants of the neighborhood that the small group of monks proceeded to hang cuts of butcher-meat at various favorable points on the hillside, and erected their first modest dwelling on the spot where decay was latest in appearing; from that time on, many monks of Poblet lived to a great age.

Thus, before the searchlight of contemporary investigation, all the pretty historical illusions flee into the chaos of unverifiable fiction. What seems perfectly established is the fact that in 1149 Ramon Berenguer IV., Count of Barcelona, having become master of the territory about Lerida, gave authorization to a small company of Cistercians to found a house of their order with as much land as might be deemed requisite for the support of their community, which consisted at first of not more than a dozen monks—an example followed without a break by numerous successors, in such wise that the establishment in its growth represented the fullest approval that various powers could bestow. In due course followed honors and privileges. The Church was in time declared a Basilica. Its mitred abbot, besides holding the important office of *Limosnero mayor* to the kings of Aragon (and subsequently to those of Spain), possessed ecclesiastical and civil sway over numerous priories, with absolute feudal right over no less than seven baronies, in a region which to-day offers to the rapid traveller the aspect of a vast garden and orchard. The Aragonese kings sought burial inside its walls, after bestowing and taking honor in royal visits. The blessings of Heaven were shown in repeated miracles. Gifts of money, spent in adornment, streamed in, till the whole became more like a palace than a dwelling for the originally simple sons of God. Its reliquary, one of the richest in Christendom, contained as many as 290 examples which practically-minded irony might catalogue as of the first class; besides hosts of others of lesser importance. An interesting list is furnished in Ramon Salas's 'Monasterio de Poblet' (Tarragona, 1883), the reading of which gives one the impression of an almost inexhaustible ossuary. To vouch for the genuineness of all these is not my purpose; no one has yet invented the hall-mark of the sacred relique, and all these must be taken, as the French patents sometimes run, S. G. D. G. (*sans garantie du Gouvernement*). But to myself, I confess, it argues a certain grossness in religious ideals to accumulate in this way collections including the milk and the hair of the Blessed Virgin, a shred of the swaddling clothes used at the Nativity, pebbles and grass from the Jordan at the holy place of baptism, the circumcision-stone, a handful of earth from the field bought by Judas, and the like. According to the account given in this little work, the fragments of stone supplied to this collection from spots mentioned in the New Testament (including one thrown at Saint Stephen) would in themselves make a small mineralogical museum.

All these, together with riches not emblematic of spirituality, are gone. Such, for instance, were the books—4,300 volumes—presented by Don Pedro de Aragon, who had brought them from his conquests, including no less than 385 codices, from the most famous illustrators of Christendom, many of which were looted by the French during the Napoleonic wars, and fortunately escaped the general ruin. The most precious of all these was perhaps the famous illustrated Bible of the eleventh century. It stands to reason that all the Church furniture, decoration, utensils, etc., were quite beyond enumeration or valuation; as for the buildings, what stands to-day is an ample index of the princely pomp indulged in by the members of what was in

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its time as aristocratic a group as the Knights of the Temple, for gradually the monks of Poblet became exclusive, and generally preferred to admit into their ranks chiefly young men of birth and connections, while of course the humbler brethren might come of commoner clay. In the Hospederia, open to all accredited travellers, distinctions were **made** and lodgings apportioned in accordance with the social standing of the visitor, with a special set of magnificent apartments (still fairly well preserved) for royal personages in the palace of El Rey Martin. One cannot but regret that Beckford, who left such a gorgeous account of his reception at Alcobaça, did not find his way to Poblet, though he calls the former "the most famous temple of gluttony in Europe." I am certain, from my own knowledge of both places, that the whole apparatus and *mise en scène* of feeding at Poblet were, as we shall presently see, much more elaborate than at the Portuguese establishment.

The record of visitors now and again furnishes interesting episodes. Thus, in 1213, we find the tradition of the "Mysterious Monk," who originally came as a knight in battered armor shortly after the battle of Muret, the disastrous nature of which is familiar to the student of history. Remaining in the monastery after conference with the abbot, this stranger continued for years to go about in absolute silence and isolation without ever passing the enclosure wall, and at his death, in order to preserve his secret, all his effects found in his cell were privately transmitted to a great ecclesiastical dignitary, who was probably aware of the man's identity. No doubt similar stories may be told of many another refuge, but this one is authenticated by record. Again, in 1552, it is related that a novice sought an interview with the abbot of that day, confessing with much emotion that *she* was a woman. In this case the intruder was quietly dismissed. There is no explanation of her motive in entering, remaining, or confessing; it is a pretty theme for a fantastic short story. To us English-speaking people, however, much the most interesting presence among such outsiders is that of Philip, Duke of Wharton, who died here, alone save for the kindly ministrations of the brethren, in 1731, at the age of thirty-two, after a career erratic and brilliant enough to call forth a celebrated satire from Pope (Mor. Ess., Ep. I., 3):

"Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,
And most contemptible, to shun contempt;
His passion, still to covet general praise,
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways.
. . . . . .
A constant bounty which no friend has made,
An angel tongue which no man can persuade.
. . . . . .
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state."

To be the subject of such an epitaph is perhaps, after all, not to have lived in vain. The local guidebooks are of course silent concerning the young English nobleman, because of the far greater importance of such visitors as the Catholic monarchs Ferdinand and Isabella, whose reception here is detailed with natural complacency in many a chapter well known to Spanish readers. Descriptions of the present general aspect, as well as of the details, of the whole magnificent structure, are to be found in such accessible works as those of Hare and Gallenga. My own impressions, not so leisurely, can pretend to nothing more than recentness, with perhaps the addition of one or two facts of interest disclosed through late investigation.

Correspondence.

JUDGE PARKER'S TELEGRAM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have taken the *Nation* and been a careful and consistent reader thereof for more than thirty-three years, but now find myself utterly at a loss to comprehend how it is possible for a staid paper like the *Nation* to go into rhapsodies over Judge Parker's "Gold Telegram." How is it possible for a sane man to see anything heroic in it? Now that your blood has had time to cool, please explain. Judge Parker voted twice for Mr. Bryan. It is admitted by every thinking man that if all Democrats had done likewise, we should to-day be on a silver basis in company with Mexico and China. After Judge Parker's vote had failed to do the mischief that votes like his were calculated to do, after the gold standard had been "irrevocably" fixed, and after it had become so plain that an ordinary wayfaring man could see that the only possible way of winning the election was to stand flatfootedly on a gold platform, and after it had become too late for the Democratic Convention to make another nomination, Judge Parker sent his now famous telegram. It was good politics to do as he did. It was far-sighted, and it was shrewd, but it was distant *toto cœlo* from the heroic, and of itself it doesn't, to a sane man, furnish the slightest evidence of fixed and lofty principles.

Yours very respectfully,

R. M. Wright.

Fort Dodge, Iowa, August 13, 1904.

[Thousands of citizens voted for Bryan who had no sympathy with his views on silver, as thousands voted for McKinley who abhorred his views and practices in the matter of protection. Our correspondent must know that votes are usually cast for President from mixed motives, with mental reservations as regards both the man and his platform, and from general conclusions as to what is best for the country. We have no apologies to make for Judge Parker's voting for Bryan even as an escape from voting for McKinley, but before condemning him we should need to learn on what grounds he did so. If because he was a silverite, his judgment is open to anybody's censure who has steadfastly adhered to the opposite doctrine. This rules out the entire Republican *party*, historically.

But the question, being historic, is therefore academic. The Republican party has seen the error of its ways; Judge Parker *ex hypothesi* has seen the error of his, and would rather forfeit the Presidency than seem to appear to have relapsed. His previous opinion and votes have no bearing on the question of the manliness of his telegram to the St. Louis Convention. The fact is, that Bryan had all but flung his dead body in the way of the Democratic party's cutting loose forever from silver, and had succeeded in removing the currency from the platform. His quondam New York supporter at the polls firmly put it back without equivocation or disguise, and presented the alternative of adopting the amendment in his own person or of dropping him as a candidate. The Convention might still have persisted, but preferred to be arrested in its course, like

"the obedient sphere
By bravery's simple gravitation drawn."

If our correspondent has, during his long reading of the *Nation*, been thrilled by many such examples on the part of Presidential candidates, we can understand his present phlegm. For our part, we adhere to our conviction that, like his namesake at Lexington, Judge Parker "fired the shot heard round the world."—Ed. Nation.]

PROFESSOR MUENSTERBERG'S NEW BOOK IN GERMANY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: When, about the middle of May of the present year, the first volume of Professor Münsterberg's new book, 'Die Amerikaner,' appeared, it seemed certain that it would attract immediate and intense attention, because here was a work much needed, written by a man who must be highly competent from his long and intimate acquaintance with Americans in the best walks of life. There was a real need of a book of this kind, for the ignorance in Germany concerning things American is great indeed. Besides, it was Professor Münsterberg's avowed purpose to befriend together two nations which really know so little about each other, yet whose nearer acquaintance would without doubt be fruitful of highly desirable results, not the least of which would be mutual esteem. A few weeks after the first volume, followed the second. Both volumes are full to overflowing with information of the most varied kind, the first volume dealing with administrative, commercial and political matters in a fashion of which Bryce's famous work seems to have been the prototype. The second volume is devoted chiefly to scientific and literary matters, to schools, colleges, universities, and American women.

Despite all this, the papers and reviews were and are silent, save here and there a short and altogether inadequate notice. Finally, a few days ago, seeing the book nowhere in the shop windows, I inquired of a prominent book-dealer why it was that Münsterberg's book was nowhere to be seen in the windows. "Oh," said he, "the reviewers all agree that the book is written in a spirit of optimism which knows no bounds. According to Münsterberg, the Americans are beings far above and beyond people as we know them upon this earth. Their self-determination is miraculous, their adaptability beyond comparison, their resourcefulness a never-failing fountain. Their women are all angels, and their men archangels. Almost free are they from those disturbing passions which everywhere else play such havoc in society. Your true American is devoid of passion.

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Even money-making is only a kind of sport, and, after accumulating his pile, your true Yankee thinks nothing of spending it lavishly for some pet notion, maybe to found a popular library, or a professorship at some university, or a boxing academy."

Such was the bookseller's glowing account, and upon inquiry I heard similar opinions, though less extreme. Then what is the truth about this matter? Doubtless there are some grains of truth in what the book-dealer said. Professor Münsterberg's more intimate friends and acquaintances belong to the most estimable people that can be found anywhere, and it is possible that for this reason he formed judgments too favorable to apply to the generality of Americans. He falls into the opposite error from that which I have frequently observed in America concerning current opinion about Germans. In both cases judgment is formed upon insufficient evidence—that is, from material much above or considerably below the average.

In the highly meritorious work of making one civilized people acquainted with another, in order that the two may become nearer friends, it will be wise to avoid all exaggeration and not to pass too lightly over the darker portions of the picture. In America we have the great and growing danger of plutocracy invading the best society, lowering the tone in the universities, and setting misleading examples to the rising generation; we have the dying-off of the nation at the top by reason of the insufficiently fruitful marriages. These and other grave matters should not be lightly passed over. Yet, after these allowances are made, Professor Münsterberg's book is a rich fountain of information of the most varied kind, and, it is to be hoped, will in time be acknowledged as such. Meanwhile, many worthy people will begin to ponder over the new revelations. The earnest inquirer will find in Professor Münsterberg an excellent guide in what was hitherto well-nigh a *terra incognita;* he will see that, in the great and rising nation west of the Atlantic, there are many things worthy of admiration and imitation.

Would that some American with equipment similar to that of Professor Münsterberg would write a book about Germany and the Germans! What a mass of popular errors would be corrected and prejudices removed; what light would be cast upon things unknown and unappreciated! But let the author not omit to censure where censure is due; let him duly castigate the abominable drink-habit among our students and those who acquired the accursed habit at the universities; let him expose the littleness and the emptiness, the sham and show, in the German bureaucracy. Then let him go below the surface, and let him there discover much that is left of those sterling qualities which make for the higher aims and purposes of life, and which have given to the world results of quiet work, of fearless investigation, and works of art for which the German's fatherland is justly renowned.—Respectfully,

WERNER A. STILLE.

LEIPZIG, July 29, 1904.

[Our own too long delayed review of 'Die Amerikaner' will be published next week.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

A ten-volume anthology, "Irish Literature," Justin McCarthy editor-in-chief, to be published by John D. Morris & Co., Philadelphia, aims, in Mr. McCarthy's words, "to give to the reading world a *comprehensive,* if only rapid, glance at the whole development of literary art in prose and poetry from the opening of Ireland's history." The managing editor is Mr. Charles Welsh, who supplies two of the special articles ("A Brief Glance at Irish History," "The Fairy and Folk Tales of Ireland"), while Mr. W. B. Yeats treats of "Modern Irish Poetry," Douglas Hyde of "Early Irish Literature," Morris Francis Egan of "Irish Novels," D. J. O'Donoghue of "Irish Wit and Humor," Stephen Gwynn of "The Irish Literary Theatre," etc. Brief biographical and critical sketches of each author whose works are exemplified will accompany the extracts. Portraits and photographic scenery will constitute the illustrations, in addition to facsimiles of illuminated MSS., old prints and the like. The tenth volume is given up to the Celtic language, and is largely bilingual, the translation facing the text. The total showing will be to many readers a veritable Expansion of Ireland, so many great names are involved for which England commonly gets all the glory.

The narrowness of range and pietistic content of Richard Crashaw's English verse make its interest now chiefly historical. He could thrash the metaphor out of "tears," for example, in a way to leave nothing to his successors, and his hymns and elegies have little in common with the spirit of our age. But he remains in the higher rank of English poets for his diction; and his influence upon his greater contemporaries, like Milton, is well known. Nor has his capacity to contribute to "familiar quotations" been exhausted. Many good lines never repeated nowadays are ready to the hand of the user. Such are these ("out of Barclay"), descriptive of "a religious house and conditions of life":

> "Hands full of hearty labors; do much that more they may,
> *And work for work, not wages*";

a state of mind over which our irreligious labor unions long ago read the funeral service, as we daily experience. The whole of Crashaw's poems have been collected for the first time in a single volume by A. R. Waller for the "Cambridge English Classics Series" ('Steps to the Temple: Delights of the Muses, and Other Poems,' Macmillan). This means that the Latin and Greek poems, which bulk a good third of the total, have been taken in. Great attention has been paid to textual accuracy, even to following a punctuation which often impedes the understanding. Some manuscript remains have been availed of.

Mr. H. Barton Baker has now brought his 'History of the London Stage,' of which we reviewed the first edition in January, 1890, down to date (E. P. Dutton & Co.). It contains a vast amount of accurate information in convenient chronological form, and will continue to be a valuable and trusty book of reference to students of theatrical history. Beginning with the Elizabethan houses, it traces the development of the London theatrical system, with notes of the principal plays and players, down to the end of the nineteenth century. Facts, of course, are necessarily compressed within the narrowest limits, but are lightened by occasional interludes of description and criticism. It is, however, a book for use rather than for recreation.

A neat little volume which lies before us bears the title 'Authors' Year-Book and Guide to 600 Places to Sell MSS.' (New York, 24 East 21st Street: W. E. Price). Its method is as unlike as possible that of the crabbed annuals with which a journalist is most conversant. Its temper is humane, not statistical; even the obvious calculation of the time it would take a manuscript to pass from the *Advertising World,* Columbus, O., at the head of the directory, to the *Youth's Temperance Banner,* at the foot, is omitted. In lieu of such uninspiring figures, a score of gentlemen and ladies who have successfully sold their MSS. give friendly counsel to those who have not. This advice by no means sticks at insisting on the enclosure of a stamp or on writing on one side only of unrolled paper; it takes higher flights, and guards the aspirant against all the pitfalls on the Heliconian steep. It is salutary to any beginner to be reminded, by a publisher who preserves his anonymity, that many authors "have an inflated and unimaginable conceit," and "hence, whatever royalties publishers may agree to pay, authors may consider that they are having a fair return for their labor." How different this from the view of the publisher as freebooter which the late Sir Walter Besant inculcated in the craft of letters! We like also the dictum of the equally anonymous sage who admits that "*short-story writing in itself is a losing game.*" Few can create more than a dozen a year, fewer yet keep up that output for five years running. Accordingly, the prudent author will hold all his short stories as so many skeletons of novels. For "a well-written short story—one that will last—is really the synopsis of a novel. And a writer capable of producing it may, with more time and effort, expand it to seventy thousand words, and stand some chance of getting returns." To judge by the current novels, this advice merely represents the general practice.

Mr. Barr Ferree's 'Pennsylvania, A Primer' (New York: Leonard Scott Publication Co.) makes no literary pretensions, and aims at nothing more than being a handy book of reference. It is abundantly illustrated in a heterogeneous way. It gives the text of no one of Pennsylvania's Constitutions, but summarizes all. It nowhere alludes to party organization, or to the political powers superior to the Constitution. Lists of governors we have, but not of governor-makers. Quay is sought in vain in its index. This is a sad commentary on the ephemeral reputation of a boss. He is not even interred in a Primer dryer than his bones.

'A Notable Libel Case,' by Josiah H. Benton, jr. (Boston: Charles E. Goodspeed), is the title of a rather dry monograph on the criminal prosecution of Theodore Lyman, jr., by Daniel Webster in 1828. The indictment alleged that Lyman had charged Webster with having conspired with other leading Federalists in 1807-1808 to break up the Union and reannex New England to England. The case was tried in the Massachusetts Supreme Court by Chief Justice

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Parker, and the trial excited not only local but national interest. The jury disagreed and were discharged, and the case finally nol-pros'd by the solicitor general. The curious fact about it is that hitherto the name of the person prosecuted and the facts of the trial "have been so far suppressed in general history that but few of even the best-informed persons are now acquainted with them." Mr. Benton states that Webster's biographers, with the exception of Curtis, do not mention the matter, while Curtis even suppresses Mr. Lyman's name in printing a letter from Clay to Webster directly referring to "the prosecution against ——." This suppression, "perhaps intended to avoid injury to the feelings" of the defendant's family and friends, "recently provoked inquiry from a prominent gentleman in a Southern State" as to his identity, and led the author of the present brochure to investigate the trial. The affair grew, indirectly, of course, out of the combination in New England against the Embargo acts; the contemporary disclosure by Adams of alleged treasonable designs in Massachusetts being revived some twenty years later by Mr. Lyman in the form of a direct accusation of certain Federalists, including Webster. The story is illustrated with portraits.

The controversy over the English fiscal policy has now attained such dimensions as to require not single volumes but series for its discussion. Under the editorship of William Harbutt Dawson, Messrs. P. S. King & Son of London are issuing a number of treatises on "Protection in Various Countries." The editor discusses protection in Germany, reviewing the fiscal policy or policies of that country during the nineteenth century. Mr. C. H. Chomley treats of the courses followed in Canada and Australia, and Mr. A. Maurice Low considers protection in the United States. All the books have merit, and may be commended to those who wish to be thoroughly informed concerning problems that we must face before long; but, of course, Mr. Low's book is of peculiar interest to American students. We may notice also Lord Brassey's 'Fifty Years of Progress and the New Fiscal Policy,' published by Longmans, a book crammed with facts, argumentatively set forth.

The letter L cleverly fills the whole of volume ix. of the mighty 'Catalogue of the Surgeon-General's Library' (Second Series, Washington). Nearly one-sixth of its 872 pages is devoted to Labor. Of special organs the Liver leads with 86 pages; the Lungs (46 pages) falling behind even the Larynx (76). Leprosy claims 31 pages, Lithotomy and Lithotrity 21, Lupus 16. The acquisition of early medical treatises is steadily maintained. Here is Paulus Lentulus's marvellous tale (1604) of a fasting maid, Appollonia Schreier, of the canton of Bern, with the testimony to her "prodigiosis inediis" of "doctissimorum nec non fide dignissimorum virorum"; and here, too, Licetus's 'De his qui diu vivunt sine alimento libri quatuor' (1612), with its chapter "de siderum, dæmonum, et consuetudinis viribus in inedia." Pope Leo XIII.'s malady and Louis Philippe's mortality also furnish entries. Cremation creeps in by way of the polysyllabic "Leichenverbrennungs-Verein," pure German, if a bit clumsy. Leftleggedness accompanies (on the page) Lefthandedness. Many interesting titles are grouped under Letters, especially a French series. As usual, numerous books and articles not to be expected in medical company are recorded—as, on Library construction, management, hygiene, etc.; Language (Vigor and Expressiveness of Older English, Reasons for the Establishment of a Sanskrit Chair at Edinburgh); Leland's Gypsy Sorcery; Leopardi's Prose Works. A Leipzig periodical for criminal anthropology contains Spitzka's statistics on North American Lynching.

Any American can read with interest and profit the little 'Guide Français aux États-Unis' prepared with special reference to visitors to the St. Louis Exposition, but good for all visitors and sojourners (Paris: Paul Dupont). It does not seek to replace Baedeker, but to supplement it with details of living, dress, and conduct which will help naturalize the foreigner—from a religious renewal of the crease in one's pantaloons (with the cost of pressing), to the size of the waiter's tip, and to the need of ascertaining the points of the compass in almost every American city. "Is this uniform laying out a survival of the time, not very remote, when Americans had to hew their roads through the dense virgin forest, gun in one hand and axe in the other, surrounded by treacherous Indians?" The author has lived in this country, and knows it so well that very little criticism can be passed upon his information. Moreover, he writes piquantly and without malice. His last word is significant, namely, a select list of recent works on the United States: (1) general—Bryce's 'American Commonwealth,' justly praised; (2) special, recently translated into French, and "indispensable to read in order fully to enter into the atmosphere of the country"—Booker Washington's 'Up from Slavery' ('Autobiographie d'un Nègre'), and Theodore Roosevelt's 'La Vie Intense' and 'L'Idéal Américain.' These four and no more. So, the other day, we heard two barefooted Italian boys singing "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Old Folks at Home," and "John Brown's Body," and knew that their naturalization was complete.

The Louisiana Purchase furnishes a chapter (viii.) in Baron Pierre de Coubertin's annual 'Chronique de France,' for 1903. Chapter ix. deals with the centenary of the establishment of the French Academy in the Villa Medici at Rome, and with the conclusion of the excavations at Delphi. Chapter x. is a literary *causerie* over the publications of the year. The fourth chapter laments the rows over the setting up of the Renan statue and the Simon statue, with the injection of politics into the former event by roping in the Premier, M. Combes. In chapter three, "A Minister's Cares," six pages are devoted to Difficulties with the Vatican, which will demand in next year's 'Chronique' a far larger space.

With the publication of the second *fascicule* of his 'Manuel de Bibliographie Historique,' Prof. Ch. V. Langlois has completed a work of great value for both the historian and the bibliographer. While the historian will turn with special interest to the second part, the bibliographer has already for many years counted the first part among his most important tools. Two editions have already appeared of it, the first in 1896, the second, much enlarged, in 1901, containing also the introductory chapter to the second part, describing the guides to and histories of historical study. In comprehensiveness, clearness of arrangement and soundness of estimates, this volume stands well nigh unequalled among general bibliographies; it embraces universal (*i. e.*, quasi- and would-be universal) bibliographies, national bibliographies, and the bibliography of bibliographies, as well as that of general and national history and of the history of the sciences. The new *fascicule* begins with a sketch, in two chapters, of historical learning up to the French Revolution. The remainder treats of the last hundred years, beginning with a chapter of general considerations. The author here compares the conditions of historical research in former centuries with those of the nineteenth, when governments vied with each other in the establishment of archives, libraries and museums, in fitting out scientific expeditions, and in devoting large sums of money to defray the cost of scientific publications. The private and social condition of the scholar has also been changed for the better; while in former days he was often the retainer of some great prince or statesman, he holds now honorable positions in the public service, most frequently in connection with some university. The 'Manuel' is not a formal bibliography, rather a continuous bibliographical foot-note to the history of historical writing, enabling the author to intersperse the enumeration of names and titles with sketches of a general and special character, such as on the condition of scholarship in France before the fall of the Second Empire, on the Berlin Academy, on German universities. The titles are mentioned without bibliographical details, too often even without dates of publication, which is a real defect; it is nearly the only defect.

To the other products of the centennial Petrarchan observances has been added a 'Bibliografia Analitica Petrarchesca,' from the expert hand of Emilio Calvi (Rome: E. Loescher & Co.). This catalogue connects itself immediately with Jacopo Ferrazzi's, beginning with Petrarchan publications of 1877, where Ferrazzi left off. Moreover, it summarizes contents as well as records titles and authors' names. The whole forms an admirable picture of scholarly activity in this field during the period in question. Calvi shows a remarkable increase in Petrarchiana by decades. The present rate of publication is thirty a year on the average—of course, not in Italy alone.

Recent bibliographical lists issuing from the Library of Congress are of Books (and Articles) relating to Proportional Representation; of References on the Popular Election of Senators; of References on Recognition in International Law and Practice; and of Works relating to the Germans in the United States. That on Senators contains also extracts from the debates in the Federal Convention of 1787, and from the 'Federalist.' The agitation for popular election dates preëminently from 1891. The compiler of this list has sometimes misreported the pros and cons. The German list does not include biographies.

Every lover of his kind will read with deep interest and gratitude the paper of Dr. Prince A. Morrow (published in the *Medical News* for June 4), in which he urged, and gave most convincing reasons for the necessity for, the formation of a

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Society of Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis. In the last number of this journal it is announced that the proposed society has now been formed. If it should do nothing more than cause the wide distribution of this article, and of the one on "Race Suicide from the Gynæcological Point of View," by Dr. E. H. Grandin (read before one of the Washington societies, and published in the same journal, July 9), that alone would be enough to justify its existence. But this will, of course, be only a beginning of its work.

In the *Revue de Paris* for June 15 will be found a paper on "Gluck: Une Révolution Dramatique," full of interest and instruction, by Romain Rolland, author of a history of the opera in Europe. The musical innovation of the Encyclopædists, of Diderot, D'Alembert, and Rousseau in particular, has been obscured by their larger social and political achievements; nor is it commonly remembered that this bond of friendship between the intellects just named was the very basis of the revolutionary career of the greatest of the three. Rousseau's many-sided genius, in fact, needs for its understanding to be studied and exhibited first of all—and last of all, for he was a musician by trade—from the musical side. So far as we know, this has never been done in any formal biography; and the approaching bicentenary of the birth of the author of "Le Devin du Village," the 'Dictionnaire de Musique,' and 'Les Consolations des Misères de ma Vie' might be distinguished by a new presentation of his life with music for the central core.

—Two-thirds of Volume XIII. of 'The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898' (Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co.) is occupied, as was over half of Volume XII., with the first version ever published in English of Father Pedro Chirino's 'Relacion de las islas Filipinas' (Rome, 1604). This is one of the four or five sources (strictly speaking) on the history of missionary conquest in the Philippines—and incidentally of early Spanish-Philippine history and of prehistoric Filipino customs—which have long been obtainable in printed form and which are of real importance. Of course, the 1604 edition of Chirino is now very rare, though available to scholars in various libraries of Europe; a second edition in Spanish was issued at Manila in 1890. The editors of this series have had access to two copies of the original work, owned in the United States, one in the Harvard University Library and the other in the private library of Edward E. Ayer of Chicago. Their translation is the first, not only in English, but in any language. It appears to have been very well done—is, in fact, considerably above the standard hitherto reached in this Philippine historical series.

—Chirino is not of so much value to students of Philippine history as Morga, whose 'Sucesos' is just being reproduced also in this series. He has not the equipment nor experience, hence also not the breadth of view, of Morga; moreover, he is writing primarily of the work of his brother-Jesuits in Christianizing the Filipinos. Hence, such light as he sheds on the history of the times, considered apart from its missionary activities, is purely incidental. He throws more light upon the customs and manners of the Filipinos, particularly of those of certain of the Bisayan Islands, with whom he had come more in contact than with those in Luzon outside of Manila before he returned to Europe in 1602 and addressed this lengthy account of Jesuit activity in the Philippines to the general of that order, Claudio Aquaviva. This is perhaps the best of all the longer missionary relations from those islands; its repetitions, endless recountings of miracles attending the conversions, and naïve outbursts into pious comment are such as are common to all similar writings in the early missionary days, whether in Asia or in America. The reader is to be warned against placing undue reliance upon Chirino's assertions regarding the prehistoric customs of the Filipinos.

—In William Edward Purser's monograph, 'Palmerin of England,' published by Browne & Nolan, Dublin, the battle waged for almost a century and a quarter concerning the authorship of this famous romance of chivalry ends in decisive victory for the Portuguese Francisco de Moraes. This but restores to the once generally accepted claimant his due, for it was not until 1786 that the theory of a Spanish original began to be put forward. Of Moraes's two Spanish rivals, Miguel Ferrer has been the less formidable. He was a Toledan printer of scant culture, who spoiled whatever he touched in the Spanish translation of 'Palmeirim' which had somehow fallen to him. Nevertheless, he issued it as his own in 1547, together with a set of laudatory verses written by another. This other was a man of more talent, who slyly inserted in the four stanzas required of him his own name and a possible claim of authorship by means of an acrostic reading, "Luys Hurtado autor al lector da salud." Although the thirty-two acrostic lines seem now to have constituted Luis Hurtado's entire part in the romance, they have won him doughty champions, from Pedro Salvá y Mallen, who first discovered the acrostic, to Wolf, Liebrecht, and Graesse in Germany; Brunet and Baret in France; Spaniards like Valera, Barrera y Leirado, Aribau, and Gayangos; and our own Ticknor, Ormsby, and Watts. It is in tilt, then, with such authorities that Mr. Purser essays to break his lance, and, imbued though he may be with the spirit of chivalry, he cannot spare even the ladies, Emilia Pardo Bazán and Carolina Michaëlis de Vasconcellos. The latter's 'Versuch über den Ritterroman Palmeirim de Inglaterra' in the *Zeitschrift für Romanische Philologie* (vol. vi., 1883) is in substantial agreement, however, with his own conclusions. Since the only other aid rendered him has come from uncritical enthusiasts like Mendes, Benjumea, or Southey, Mr. Purser's victory is the more creditable.

—A polemic concerning "the author of a work no one reads" inevitably opens a vista of boredom, but to the student of Peninsular literature this work offers much of real interest—a textual comparison of Portuguese and Spanish versions of the romance, revealing tell-tale errors and lacunæ in the latter; an examination of the episode of the 'Four French Ladies,' as reflecting Moraes's own experience at the French court, where his romance was completed and probably privately printed *circa* 1544; and an ingenious chapter explaining what Cervantes meant in 'Don Quixote' by the verdict upon 'Palmerin' pronounced by the *Cura*. There appear also corrections of Gayangos's familiar 'Discurso preliminar' in the "Biblioteca de Autores Españoles"; a bibliography of 'Palmerin,' its translations and continuations; and notes on affiliated romances of chivalry. But controversial writing anent letters is not of necessity literature; and this book, in its detailed scholarship, its exhibits of documentary evidence and cross-examination of witnesses, its numbered paragraphs, tabulated arguments, and regular summaries, lacks the literary flavor. In its lucidity and coherence, and as a piece of destructive and constructive argument, however, it might serve for a classroom model.

—The Royal Academy of Sciences in Amsterdam has sent forth in two volumes, with page of ample superficies, bearing the imprint of Johannes Muller, an elaborate work of learning by J. J. M. De Groot of Leyden. The author's previous essays on 'The Religious Systems of China,' 'The Code of the Mahayana of China,' 'The Popular Religions of China,' and 'The Chinese Political Unions in the Dutch Colonies,' are already well and favorably known to close students of the Far East. With extended Chinese quotations from the imperial edicts printed on the same page with the English text, and with a first-rate index, the materials are here at hand for a study of the question whether China is, like Russia and old Japan, a church nation, that persecutes dissenters from the religious establishment of the state. In point of scholarship this work may be safely said to outweigh all other writings on this particular subject, for Mr. De Groot sets forth his arguments with prodigious erudition, abundance of illustration, argument and proof. He entitles it 'Sectarianism and Religious Persecution in China: A Page in the History of Religions.' The term "sectarian" does not connote to the ear or mind of the speaker of English exactly what the author intends, which the old word "sectarism" might best express. His use of the term shows that it is rather what English state-church men mean by "dissent," for we have here an account of the Chinese dissenters and the societies which are, in the Chinese official eye, sects, whose meetings are "conventicles" rather than "convocations." Some criticisms have been made upon the work by scholars in China and Japan, both native and foreign, who would attribute the actions of the Chinese Government to a deeper animus against political rebellion *per se*, and less to interest in ritual, dogma, and philosophy, than Dr. De Groot seems to do, and sometimes perhaps with rather too much warmth and fervor for a scientific thesis. Yet this Dutch investigator has certainly explored an almost unknown region of the religious history of Asia, and has shown that substantially there has been no essential difference between human nature, whether in China or in Europe. "Here we find the school of Confucius in close alliance with the State, which has entirely identified itself with its principles, imbued with a fanatical animosity against everything religious and ethical which cannot be traced back to the classics." In a word, dogmatism, in China, as in the Protestant, Roman Catholic, or Russian Churches, is the mother of heresy, intolerance, and persecution. Subjectively, the author's judgments are interesting, because on first going among the Chinese,

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without having inquired into the facts, he shared in the general opinion of China's liberality of view. He changed his convictions only after prolonged critical study of texts and history.

WALPOLE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND 1856-1880.

The History of Twenty-five Years. By Sir Spencer Walpole, K.C.B. Vols. I. and II., 1856-1880. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

These volumes, the work of a writer who long ago established his reputation by his 'History of England, from the Conclusion of the Great War in 1815,' are an interesting illustration of the proposition that one good historical treatise need not interfere with another good treatise on the same subject. They cover most of the period which was covered by Mr. Herbert Paul, whose 'History of Modern England' was recently noticed in these columns. They are written from what is, roughly speaking, the same point of view—that of an English Liberal who is decided, though not extreme, in his Liberalism. They are, moreover, the work of one who, like Mr. Paul, approaches public affairs as a practical man rather than as a theorist, though Sir Spencer Walpole was an official, whereas Mr. Paul has been a journalist and a member of the House of Commons. But they are quite different in manner, and they supplement one another rather than collide. Mr. Paul adopts a strictly chronological order, and devotes himself chiefly to parliamentary politics. Sir Spencer masses his facts more broadly, according to their natural connection, and gives far more prominence than does his brother historian to the foreign relations of England. Mr. Paul is bright, dashing, slashing, epigrammatic. Sir Spencer is solid and reflective, yet certainly not less interesting, for his facts are carefully chosen and marshalled, and his quiet style is both luminous and impressive in its equable march.

Lucidity of thought as well as of expression is specially helpful in one who undertakes to trace the complicated movements of diplomatic negotiations, and to these movements a large part, and perhaps the most instructive and novel part, of Sir Spencer's book is devoted. It is, indeed, hardly more a history of England than a history of the process by which a united Italy and a united Germany were created between 1858 and 1871, and perhaps it is a sense of this fact that has suggested for the title the words 'History of Twenty-five Years' instead of 'History of England.' It is by no means a history of Europe in general, still less of the world at large, during the quarter of a century from 1856 to 1880, for the internal affairs of no country except England are dealt with. True, a chapter is given to the American Civil War and to the contemporary struggle of Juarez and Maximilian in Mexico; but these events come in, the former because it affected English politics, the latter because it helped to weaken the power of Louis Napoleon in France and thus became a factor in the evolution of the great European drama in which Louis Napoleon, Bismarck, and Cavour were the three leading figures. Of that drama, however, so far as it was played out on the general theatre of Europe and apart from the internal affairs of each of the European countries, these volumes are probably the best summary account to be found in the English language. We can hardly speak too highly of the skill with which the tangled threads of the long negotiations that went on, first between Louis Napoleon and Cavour, then between Louis Napoleon and Bismarck, as well as between the latter and the Italian Government, are handled and disengaged from one another.

The story is one of surpassing interest, not merely because the results were momentous, but in respect of the characters of the chief actors. No more remarkable statesmen have appeared in Europe since the days of Charles the Fifth than were Bismarck and Cavour, while the French Emperor, however inferior in capacity to the German and the Piedmontese who one after the other played with him and turned him round their fingers, is one of those singular personages in whom talent and weakness, good impulses and basely unscrupulous conduct, are so curiously mingled that it was possible, while his career was running, for him to be, with good reason, both admired and despised, and that even now the judgment of mankind has not finally determined the place he is to hold in history. Mr. Herbert Paul, for instance, to whose book we have referred, never mentions him without some term of contumely or hatred, while Sir Spencer takes a more discriminating and more charitable view. On the whole, we are disposed to agree with Sir Spencer, and rather to blame Louis Napoleon for his vacillation and his want of insight and foresight than to consign him to that lower pit of Tartarus in which Mr. Paul sees him lie fettered. After all, how much Fortune has to do with reputations! Many a man at college fails in one year to win prizes or fame among his comrades which his merits would have secured two years either before or afterwards, merely because chance makes him the contemporary of some exceptionally brilliant person. Louis Napoleon might have preserved till the end of his life the credit for force and wisdom which he enjoyed, even despite his Mexican blunder, as late as 1865, had Prussian diplomacy been in the hands of the mediocrities who guided it from 1820 till 1862. Unfortunately, he was himself not only dreamy and irresolute, but wanting in judgment of men. Had he been served in 1870 by a better diplomatist than the Duke of Grammont and a better War Minister than Marshal Le Bœuf, war would probably have been avoided, and in any case the disasters of France would have been less terrible. Sir Spencer, both here and in his admirable account of the outbreak of the war of 1866 between Prussia and Austria, examines and sets forth with eminent impartiality and precision the share of responsibility which belonged to each of the contending Powers; and he adds, when speaking of Bismarck's famous telegram which set the match to the gunpowder, a remark which might have been written (perhaps may have been written) with the thought of Mr. Chamberlain's and Mr. Kruger's share in bringing about the South African war of 1899: "The King of Prussia shared the unjust prejudice, so common in Europe during the latter half of the nineteenth century, that the man who declares and not the man who provokes war is responsible for the misery and waste which it involves."

Though the account of general European politics which these two volumes present will to most readers be the part most fresh and attractive, the domestic affairs of England are carefully and intelligently described and discussed. Sir Spencer has had access to a certain number of unpublished documents (including memoranda made by his father, who was Home Secretary in Lord Derby's Ministry of 1866); and to some extent he has been able to use his own recollections of the general feeling that prevailed in England at various critical moments. Thus he brings to light a good many facts which are new, or which were not fully understood by previous writers. It is another merit that he has been at the pains to give succinct résumés of the course of legislation on several topics of importance. The Divorce Act of 1857 was an important epoch in social as well as in legal history; and he very properly gives a preliminary sketch of the earlier law. So the Education Act of 1870 is made the occasion for a useful description of the previous efforts to establish elementary schools, though to our surprise the Endowed Schools Act of 1869, an important part of the educational reforms of that day, receives only a passing reference. Nor should the fulness with which financial questions, generally neglected by the historian who writes for a public desiring to acquire knowledge easily, are dealt with and made intelligible be overlooked. He shows, indeed, an unusual mastery of the economic side of history.

So far as we have tested our author, he attains in matters of consequence that accuracy which is, after all, the highest merit, if not the most winning charm, of an historical work. Little errors there are here and there; these no man can hope to escape. For instance, Lord Brougham is spoken of as being in 1860 an "ardent reformer," though his zeal for parliamentary reform had died out before that day; and "the Confederation of the Rhine" is mentioned (vol. i., p. 409) where the Germanic Confederation, a very different thing, must surely have been intended. Some omissions surprise the reader. In the account of the patriotic movements in Italy nothing is said of the work done by Mazzini, though he was, perhaps as much as Cavour, Victor Emmanuel, or Garibaldi, a factor in those movements. When, in describing Lord Palmerston's and Mr. Disraeli's opposition to the making of the Suez Canal, Sir Spencer observes that "no other country derived so much benefit from it as the United Kingdom," it would have been proper to add that, although English vessels use the canal far more than do those of any other country, because English ocean-going shipping is as large as is that of all the rest of Europe put together, English trade has in one way suffered, because vast quantities of goods which were formerly sent from the Farther East to English ports, and thence distributed over Europe, now go straight to such great Mediterranean emporia as Marseilles, Genoa, Trieste, and Odessa.

The first chapter of the second volume is devoted to the War of Secession, and a word or two may be said upon the author's treatment of a subject especially interesting to American readers. He takes as his chief guide Mr. James Ford Rhodes's his-

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tory, and in this he does well, for no more fair or vigorous or trustworthy book on the subject exists. He treats the anti-slavery contest with impartiality and judgment, bringing out in due relief such vital points as the Missouri Compromise, the working of the Fugitive Slave law, and the Dred Scott case. He does justice to the leaders on both sides, though in our opinion bestowing upon Jefferson Davis greater praise than his abilities merit. He has, however, been misinformed when, in speaking of the results of the Civil War as seen to-day, he remarks: "The negro is in some States already predominant, and the time may apparently come when he may control the policy of whole States, and assert the superiority which his numbers are giving him." Those who have followed the course of events in the South will not accept this prediction; but it is of course difficult for an English writer to keep abreast of the changing phases through which the negro problem passes. In describing English sentiment during the course of the war he does not exaggerate the amount of sympathy which the South received from what is called in England "society," *i. e.*, the wealthier classes, but he hardly gives due prominence to the fact that the masses of the people did not share that sympathy. That the bulk of the British nation recognized the Northern cause as the cause of human rights and human progress, is proved by the fact that no public meeting, open to all comers without a ticket, was (except possibly in Liverpool) ever held to express sympathy with the Confederates, whereas countless such meetings were held by the friends of the North.

These two volumes carry the story of English politics down to near the middle of Mr. Gladstone's first Administration. They leave him at the height of his power and fame. The Conservative reaction which gathered strength from 1872 onwards and which triumphed at the general election of 1874, had as yet scarcely begun to show itself. This reaction has been the most remarkable, and also, if the state of popular feeling in 1870 is regarded as it appeared at the time, the most unexpected, phenomenon of recent English history. From 1832 till 1874 the Whigs or Liberals had been usually in power, and had been conspicuously not only the popular party, but the party whose intellectual superiority was generally admitted. Since 1874 the Tory party has held office, sometimes with enormous parliamentary majorities, for twenty one and a half out of thirty years. It will be the task of Sir Spencer, in his next volumes, to explain the causes of this remarkable change; and the excellence of that part of the work which lies before us gives reason to believe that he will deal with this still obscure problem in a manner worthy of the historical power he has shown himself to possess.

THE SEAT OF WAR.

Manchu and Muscovite. By B. L. Putnam Weale. Macmillan Co. 1904.

The conditions in Mantchuria are so complicated that they well-nigh baffle description. The public will therefore welcome, even with all its faults, this volume by Mr. Weale, since the author really has an adequate knowledge of the country and of the main factors so potent in making the history, at the present time, not only of Mantchuria, but, we may say, of the entire East, and indeed of the world. The fault of the volume, if it be a fault, lies in the fact that it is mainly a collection of letters written for the periodical press of the Far East. It is therefore rather diffuse and colloquial in style, but it has the advantage of giving a very fresh view from the field itself, reproducing with great fidelity the scenes of the country just before the breaking out of the present war. At the same time the volume is properly supplemented by a brief and accurate historical survey, and by several chapters discussing with great skill the affairs of the Russo-Chinese Bank and the Chinese-Eastern Railway, and forecasting the course of the conflict which is now in progress. An appendix gives all necessary statistical material, and a map is put down in the index as at the end, but it is not to be found in the volume before us.

The author confessedly depends, for his main facts, upon Mr. Hosie's work on Mantchuria, which we reviewed last month, while he at considerable length exposes the ill-considered statements and misrepresentations of Mr. Wirt Gerrare's 'Greater Russia' and Mr. Alexander Ular's 'Un Empire Russo-Chinois,' which are responsible for a large share of the misunderstanding that now prevails concerning the causes of the present war and its probable issue. Mr. Weale is an Englishman, and is violently opposed to Russia and everything Russian. Of this he makes no concealment. Still, he is evidently honest and certainly well informed, and succeeds in giving a fairly well-balanced account of the real condition of things at the seat of war. Not satisfied with previous visits to Mantchuria, he undertook a systematic personal investigation of the country during the autumn of 1903, and devotes himself largely to telling what he actually saw at that time. His route of travel led him from Port Arthur to Dalny, Niu-Chwang, Hai-Cheng, Liaoyang, Mukden, Teling, Kaiwan, Kuanchentze, Harbin, Petuna, Tsitsihar, Kirin, and Ninguta. Evidently he had not seen the region bordering the Amur or the Argun.

The main impression made upon the author, both by his observation and by his study, is the failure of the Russians to accomplish what they have set out to do in Mantchuria. In his view, the appearance of prosperity along the line of the 1,600 miles of railroad which they have built in the three provinces is wholly due to the lavish expenditure of borrowed money in the construction and equipment of the road in the first place, and later in its use for military purposes. As a business venture, he pronounces it, under Russian management, a great failure. Immense sums have been spent upon costly station houses, where cheaper ones would have served every purpose. Little use has been made of the native population in filling the minor official positions, entailing the support of large numbers of high-priced Russian officials, whereas an English company, as is the case on the Tientsin-Shanhaikuan road, would have got along with a small number of foreign superintendents. The road has likewise failed to secure much of the immense freight in agricultural products which finds its way from the interior to the port of Niu-Chwang, because of the high rates which are charged. It would seem, however, that the Russians might learn wisdom, and remedy these errors in a short time. Two years under such exceptional conditions as have attended the military occupation of the country is too short a time to judge of the ultimate success of the road; for, according to Mr. Weale, there is no doubt that a well-managed company could make the road from Harbin to Niu-Chwang immensely profitable. Now, of course, everything is upset until the war is over. Our author, however, admits the great military value of the road, and easily confutes the prevalent idea both that the road is inadequate for its purposes, and that the army will be dependent for subsistence brought from beyond Lake Baikal. The road is well made, with superb iron bridges resting upon stone piers, which excite the admiration of foreign engineers, and is so amply provided with sidings that it is easy to keep the main line clear.

Mr. Weale is at considerable pains to correct the bundle of misrepresentations of Mr. Ular concerning what he habitually styles "the Blagovyeschensk outrage." But his own unfamiliarity with the situation leaves the task but half done. Mr. Ular represented (and his misrepresentations are repeated over and over again in the periodical press) that the only provocation which the Russians had at Blagovestchensk was that a small band of Hunghutzu, or Mantchurian brigands, crossed the Amur and committed some depredations of small importance, which was "pompously named the Chinese attack upon Russia," and that thereupon the Russians made this an excuse, long looked for, "to officially mobilize the Siberian army, which had really been on a war footing since the month of March." To this Mr. Weale vigorously replies:

> "As a matter of fact, although I am one of the most rigid opponents of the Russian advance south, I cannot let such a deliberate concoction pass. For it is a well-known fact that the Aigun forts, which are under the command of a Chinese military deputy lieutenant-governor, and lie a few miles below Blagovyeschensk, on the Chinese bank of the Amur, fired on Russian ships and practically stopped all navigation for a number of days, in obedience to the Chinese imperial decree which declared war against Russia". (p. 329)."

To show the full extent of Mr. Ular's misrepresentations, it should have been added that several thousand Chinese soldiers entrenched themselves upon the south side of the river, and bombarded Blagovestchensk for several days, while the Russians had nothing but an extemporized home guard to make any show of defence; the Russian troops having all been previously sent away to the seat of war about Peking. It was two weeks before reinforcements came down the river, and the so-called "Blagovyeschensk outrage" occurred during the frantic efforts of this home guard to prevent the capture of the city by an overwhelming opposing force, and the drowning of the Chinese was largely due to an accident which, under the circumstances, could hardly have been avoided. That the subsequent occupation of Mantchuria by Russian soldiers was accompanied by many scenes of violence which seem unnecessary, is repeatedly asserted by Mr. Weale. The details given, however, are so scanty that it is difficult to judge of the real character of the transactions; so that, as is evident

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from his understatement both of the seriousness of the crisis at Blagovestchensk and of the efforts of the Chinese Government and of the robber bands to deprive the Russians of their treaty rights, it is a fair question whether the limited amount of severity in the exhibition of Russian power was not necessary for the pacification of the country.

The real obstacle to the successful occupation of Mantchuria by Russia, even if she should be victorious in the present war, is clearly brought out by Mr. Weale's observations. This lies not in the formal, political difficulties of administration so much as in the tremendous inertia presented by the Chinese masses pressing into the country. Already the Chinaman has almost entirely displaced the original Mantchu, so that, as our author estimates, nineteen-twentieths of the population is Chinese, while they are ready to come in in still more overwhelming numbers the moment the country is freely opened to them. Outside of the administrative and military officials, Harbin is practically a Chinese city, 40,000 Chinamen having already gathered there under the folds of Russian protection, to reap the rich harvests that are open to their enterprise in a new country. And the Chinaman is a past-master in every art of making a living. The Russian peasant is utterly unable to compete with him, and has not endeavored to do so in Mantchuria. The report circulated by Messrs. Gerrare and Ular, which has so aroused many of the critics of Russian policy, that there was in progress an extensive colonization of Mantchuria by Russian settlers, is pronounced by Mr. Weale pure fiction. There are, he avers, no Russians in Mantchuria but soldiers, railroad officials, and a few shopkeepers and sutlers, who are ineffectually trying to compete with the natives in supplying the wants of these official classes. The Chinese merchant and banker is more astute even than the Jew, and has been able to drive the paper ruble out of existence in Mantchuria, and to monopolize all the profitable lines of trade.

According to the author's observations, the Chinese learn Russian very much more readily than they do English. This is due, he believes, partly to the smoother and more sonorous sound of the Russian language, but chiefly to the fact that the Russians do not stand off at a distance from the natives, but fraternize with them much more readily than the English do with their subject races. This, however, instead of adding to the influence of the Russians, he believes to be a serious hindrance, while he denounces the Americans for their "foolish sentiment for the 'little brown brother,' which has been nauseating the dwellers in China treaty ports since the Stars and Stripes were hoisted over Manila" (p. 242). The Chinese, he avers, learn the Russian language merely to promote their own interests, and laugh in their sleeves at the insincerity of the patronizing efforts of the Russians to get their good will, and at the ill success of the Russians in learning the language and assuming the manners of the Chinese. But this is merely the author's opinion. Others who have witnessed the success with which Russians have won the good will of the tribes of Central Asia, and indeed that with which they have been able to live in contact with the Chinese for centuries along a border line thousands of miles in length, will hold to the view that the Russian method in Mantchuria might very likely be more successful with the native population than that of the English Government in Oriental countries has been.

Although this volume was printed before the breaking out of the present war, the success of the author in anticipating results is truly remarkable. This appears not so much in his conviction that war was inevitable and near at hand, as in his forecast of the progress of the campaign, which took in the landing of troops in Korea, the crossing of the Yalu, and the slow but sure progress of the Japanese army until it severed the connection between Port Arthur and the main base of the Russian army, and brought things to the present crisis. It will be interesting to note whether his further forecasts will be equally justified. From his personal inspection of the fortifications of Port Arthur he is convinced that it can be taken only after a prolonged siege. From his knowledge of the physical geography of southeastern Mantchuria he was confident that the Russian plan of campaign would be the gradual withdrawing of the army from Niu-Chwang into the interior, carrying on a defensive campaign until Russian reinforcements should be sufficient to enable them to make a stand with a fair show of success. He estimates that the Russian army, can easily be brought up, after a time, to number 500,000, which can readily be supported from the products of the rich country occupied and controlled by them. Even should temporary defeat attend the main Russian army, the situation of the contending forces is such that the war is likely to be prolonged for two or three years, when financial difficulties will probably force both countries to a compromise, with the advantages mainly upon the side of the Japanese.

But the author has evidently greatly overestimated the antipathy of the Chinese towards the Russians. His expectation was that the Russians would have great difficulty in keeping the Chinese residents of Mantchuria from siding with Japan the moment war should be declared. In this he was evidently mistaken. The Chinese show little patriotism, but are everywhere ready to side with the power in possession of the field, and to render service to any party by whom they are well paid. At any rate, they show no sign of having special love for the Japanese; so that Russia and Japan are likely to have a free field in which to carry on their ruinous warfare.

HOBSON'S INTERNATIONAL TRADE.

International Trade: An Application of Economic Theory. By John A. Hobson. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

The controversy aroused by Mr. Chamberlain's proposals has been to a great extent a threshing over of old straw. In this book, however, Mr. Hobson has suggested some novel considerations. They are offered to the British public, but they are of universal interest. They deserve attention in this country, especially, for our tariff policy must before long become a political issue. Strictly speaking, Mr. Hobson presents no new theory, but he departs in one important particular from the treatment of international trade generally adopted by economists. He maintains that foreign trade is governed by the same laws that govern the rates of exchange between commodities in a single nation. To establish this is to simplify greatly a most complex subject, and the argument deserves to be stated at some length. It is substantially as follows:

The end of all industry is to put consumable goods in the hands of consumers. Prosperity is measured by the success of this process. Not the quantity of capital and labor employed in industry is the test of prosperity, but the amount of their product. Industrial progress depends on the economy of capital and labor. Commerce is to be regarded solely as a means of placing commodities where they can be consumed. If, now, we include among commodities all services which are bought and sold, the real income of a nation must consist of all the utilities, whether embodied in material forms or in human services, which it is able to command.

"A nation which devotes a larger proportion of its productive energy to increasing the speed and accuracy of the distribution of material goods, or to the better cultivation of the intellectual arts and the provision of professional, artistic, and recreative services, cannot reasonably be regarded as stationary or retrogressive in industrial prosperity."

Hence, while we may for some purposes use the word "industry" as meaning the production of material wealth for markets, we must bear in mind that non-material wealth is as much a part of the real income of a nation as food and raiment. In early stages of industrial development the provision of food, clothing, and shelter constitutes industry. There is no time to spare for anything else. Agriculture, simple manufacturing, and mining will be the universal occupations. As civilization advances, a larger proportion of energy will be devoted to the more complex industrial processes adapting raw materials or crude manufactures to the more special needs of various classes of consumers.

"This implies the growth of a qualitative economy of wealth; every further increase of wealth will be attended by a reduction of the increase of raw materials. Still more important will be the increasing proportion of industrial energy engaged in the transport and distributive industries, with the expansion of the area and the complexity of markets which belong to modern industrial civilization. Finally, a rapidly increasing proportion of energy passes into the production and distribution of non-material wealth, governmental and other public work, professional and personal services, the fine arts, recreation and amusement."

It follows that a continually smaller proportion of the real wealth of a nation is capable of forming the material of international trade. The volume and the value of this trade may grow, but it will not keep pace with the growth of the wealth of the nation. More and more energy will be employed in internal transportation and distribution and in non-material production; and, as regards material wealth, a larger proportion of workers are occupied in the final processes of adapting goods to the special tastes and habits of local groups of consumers. And, as the proportion of the real wealth of such countries as Germany, England, and the United States which is suitable for external trade is diminishing, this diminution will be greater when the more backward countries learn to manufacture for themselves. There will

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be no diminution of external trade; it will increase, but not so fast as the internal industry applied in the satisfaction of wants which are constantly becoming more refined and more largely non-material in their forms.

In Great Britain it is demonstrated that the aggregate income of the nation is growing faster than the export trade. The poorest classes "are the largest consumers of imported goods, because the largest proportion of their money goes for food; the richest classes are, in proportion to their expenditure, the smallest consumers of imported* goods. Every elevation, then, of the general standard of comfort of the people diminishes the relative importance of external trade, and enhances the importance of internal trade." It is, therefore, a normal and healthy symptom when external trade slackens. After the main lines of advantageous exchange have been discovered, specialization of national industry and the trade intercourse which it involves should not be expected to proceed at a rapid rate. The industrial progress of the future will consist more and more in the elaboration of internal trade and industry, and in the diversion of an ever larger share of energy to the creation and distribution of intangible commodities.

We must confine our comment on this argument to a single point. Conceding all that is said, external transportation may grow more rapidly than internal transportation, for the reason that the geographical boundaries of a nation are not its industrial boundaries. The New England States would naturally obtain their coal from Canada, as well as many other goods. Some parts of Canada would obtain their coal from Pennsylvania; and Pennsylvania would get its fruit and sugar from the West Indies. London may be nearer, so far as cheap transportation is concerned, to Denmark or to France than it is to Ireland or to Scotland. Moreover, the habit of travel and even of expatriation has to be reckoned with in computing expenditure for services. These immaterial commodities may be sought in other countries rather than at home. And, finally, as goods become qualitatively superior, because of elegance of workmanship, the cost of transportation becomes relatively insignificant. These considerations do not impair the main argument which Mr. Hobson advances, but they are to be borne in mind when we attempt to apply it to any given case.

While the development of this argument is the most important feature of Mr. Hobson's book, his analysis of the effects of protective duties is admirable. Perhaps no writer surpasses him in the art of stating economic theory. His demonstrations are often beautiful specimens of logic; they may be read with pleasure simply because of their formal completeness. It is hardly too much to say that the doctrine of modern political economy has never been set forth with greater clearness or with more brevity than in this treatise. It is difficult to conceive any answer to the case that is made out.

We cannot help thinking, however, that Mr. Hobson is guilty of a fallacy in maintaining that "the condition of the industrial world has become one in which it always appears more difficult to sell than to buy." The producer, therefore, is more eager to sell than the purchaser to buy. "It is his well-grounded belief that in ordinary times the supply of the goods he offers exceeds, or may at any time exceed, the demand at current prices that prompts his anxiety to sell." This outrunning of demand by supply Mr. Hobson very justly calls a paradox. He attempts to explain it by "underconsumption," due to "maldistribution of wealth." If the money of the rich were taken from them and given to the needy, every one would have to spend his whole income, and the wheels of industry would revolve as steadily as the planet which we inhabit. As it is, there is "over-saving." The rich save because they do not know what to do with their money, and the irregularity thus introduced into business compels people of moderate wealth to secure themselves against anticipated collapses of income in the same manner. "This over-saving . . . implies superfluous forms of capital which, when put into productive operation with labor, cause over-production and the congestion of markets, which is the preliminary to underproduction or unemployment."

Conceding these assumptions, it is plain that a constant force is in operation tending to reduce the prices desired by sellers, and that they are aware of this force and can take it into account in estimating the expenses of production. They are like the farmer who said that he did not sell his potatoes for as much as he expected, but that he did not expect he should. The paradox, in fact, is of Mr. Hobson's own creation. There is no such "accepted tendency of supply to outrun demand"; the tendency is reciprocal. When the crop of cotton is small, the anxiety of the planter is not concerning his ability to get the present market price; he is afraid that he may sell too soon. The buyer, on the other hand, is anxious to buy at once for fear he may have to pay more. Two years ago, buyers had to beg the ironmakers for iron; they were willing to pay almost any price rather than not get their goods. A year later the conditions were reversed; and these alternating currents are a constant feature.

The point is of importance, for it causes Mr. Hobson to make a concession to the protectionists which, in spite of his limitations, they will find sufficient for their purposes. There is in every trade, according to Mr. Hobson, a certain amount of unemployed capital and labor. A duty on imports might call into use this idle force, and thus really be advantageous. Mr. Hobson argues vigorously that it would be impossible to tell just what the duty should be, or when it should be applied or removed. These difficulties have no terrors for protectionists. Grant the possibility of encouraging home industry by levying taxes on imports, and they will not be restrained from undertaking the task. Mr. Hobson is in the position of a temperance advocate who tells his hearers that liquor is beneficial when taken in proper quantities, but that they must abstain totally because they may err in determining how much is proper. In such cases men are apt to feel competent to decide for themselves.

*The text reads "exported," but "imported" seems required in the comparison.

Biographical Memorial of Gen. Daniel Butterfield. By Julia Lorillard Butterfield. New York: The Grafton Press. 1904.

Those who effect important results by means of trifles are usually good organizers. In the spring of 1862 no one knew, excepting through direct and local inquiry, the contents of the great army trains on the Peninsula, which might be carrying anything from medical stores to shrapnel, or from hard bread to horse-shoes. But those who remember that, will also remember that about midsummer some of the white covers bore long broad stripes of blue, red, or yellow, which meant that infantry, artillery, or cavalry ammunition, respectively, was carried within. It sometimes is very important to know, to know without delay, and to know at a distance which is an ammunition train and the kind of ammunition it bears. The young lieutenant, temporarily chief ordnance officer of that army, afterwards showed by a distinguished military and civil career that his simple device was a sign of organizing power. When Gen. Kearny wanted to identify his men, he required them to wear a red flannel diamond on their caps. No one got beyond that until Gen. Butterfield, as Hooker's chief of staff, equipped the army of the Potomac with corps badges of cloth, whose form and color showed unmistakably the particular division of the wearer and became insignia to be respected. He assigned similar designs to mark the headquarters of brigades, divisions and corps. He had previously developed a musical call for communication among the troops of his brigade at a distance or at night. More important, fairly early in his career he prepared a valuable handbook of Camp and Outpost Duty, which concentrated in convenient form numerous details of that kind of service and was very widely used by authority. This, again, was the utilization of particulars in generalization. Daniel Butterfield's father was John, and John Butterfield's natural genius made him a master of organization, as shown in the Overland Stage, the American Express, and the New York and Buffalo Telegraph Companies. The son's inheritance had the advantage of academic association and legal training, and took him into other fields than those of pure commerce, but the organizing faculty came into play in all of them.

When the advocates of secession threatened war in 1861, almost every loyal citizen was incredulous, so that to nearly all the attack upon Sumter was as a causeless blow in the face from a friend. Our present familiarity with arms and arms-bearers makes it difficult to realize the pardonable ignorance of the North at that time as to all means of defence and offence. There were exceptions. Personal observation in the extreme South had led the young colonel of the Twelfth New York State Militia for several years to foresee trouble, so that, devoting his leisure to military studies, he had brought himself and his regiment into fair theoretical preparation for the field. At the first call the command immediately volunteered, and went on a three-months' martial excursion that proved to be bloodless, but the spirit and the "smartness" of the Twelfth encouraged and stimulated those who most required such help. Col. Butterfield was soon made a brigadier-general of volunteers and saw much active service, rapidly developing into an excellent soldier of the second class, shining in bright contrast with more purely political generals of that early period. He had these preliminary qualifications; enough local influence

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to have been elected colonel of a city militia regiment, which secured him a certain constituency; a real interest in minor military matters and an appreciation of their importance when correlated; a fortunate age—thirty in 1862; a better education than many, and the command of a fortune that rendered him financially independent of his commission and of the profession that he must temporarily abandon. Added were zeal for the Union cause and an instinctive military spirit, combined with special administrative ability. He commanded a brigade at Gaines's Mill and at Malvern Hill, a division at the Second Manassas, and as major-general a corps at Fredericksburg. One scarcely knows which to wonder at the most—such administration of the War Department as made it possible, or the unabashed self-confidence of the novice who seems to have had no hesitation in ordering in action such educated and veteran officers as Griffin, Sykes, and Humphreys, to say nothing of Buchanan, Warren, Weed and Whipple. Their own behavior under what must have been morally a most trying situation, is a magnificent commentary on the training of those men.

During Gen. Hooker's administration and until after Gettysburg, where he was wounded, General Butterfield was chief of staff of the army of the Potomac, and there his remarkable capacity for organization was admirably employed. He was young and fearless enough, not hampered with traditions, to inaugurate a new and efficient régime. Going west with Hooker, he was on his staff at Lookout Mountain, and acquired a division in April, 1864, again distinguishing himself at Resaca, after which summer he did not serve in the field. Having received an original vacancy in the increased permanent establishment of 1861, he became a colonel therein in 1863, and retained his commission, with duty at New York, after muster-out of the volunteer service in 1865, until he resigned in 1870. For the next thirty years he was conspicuous in business circles as the head of successful transportation and real-estate companies. But money-making had no monopoly of his energy. He frequently spoke in public, usually eloquently and always patriotically, in the broad sense of the word; he maintained for three years a course of lectures for his alma mater, Union, outside the ordinary curriculum; he was magnificently generous otherwise, as his monument to the Fifth Corps at Fredericksburg, his Washington for the Memorial Hall at West Point, and other public gifts illustrate; and he was lavishly hospitable. There is printed one example of outspoken moral courage where friendly counsel was administered with directness and tact to his old chief, the Ishmaelitish Hooker, in whom personal subordination was so difficult of attainment. Doubtless he showed frequent illustrations of this quality, or otherwise he could not have retained the kindly respect that he evidently enjoyed. Possibly General Butterfield might give the stranger too vivid an impression of what may be called the public side of private life; but, after all, that is a matter of taste, and perhaps the tale is merely a little too brilliantly told. His light was frequently set on a candlestick rather than under a bushel, but it was a bright American blaze.

A privately printed volume of many pages sets forth his career, occasionally with repetitions and not always too concisely. But is not a memorial volume, especially when privately printed, a eulogy *ex necessitate*—generally, as in this case, a tribute of love, and as such not amenable to the stricter canons? There is but one allegation to which we should seriously except. Among the reasons that impelled McClellan to change his base from the Pamunkey to the James is cited "the failure of General McDowell to reinforce, with his 40,000 men then at Fredericksburg" (p. 76), in such a way as to imply, although it is not directly asserted, that that was McDowell's own fault. This reëchoes the common belief in the army of the Potomac at that time, that McDowell held back through some disingenuous motive, and did not grasp the hand extended at Hanover Court House. The fact, which never should be forgotten by either the formal or the informal historian, was that Jackson's advance down the valley frightened Washington, and, against his military judgment and his earnest hope, McDowell, who had 30,000 (not 40,000) men, was directed to postpone coöperation with McClellan, and to move his forces toward the Shenandoah on what he foresaw would be a fruitless mission. That very accomplished officer, who was loyalty itself to his superiors and to the Union cause, had misfortunes enough to oppress him without having perpetuated to his discredit purely imaginary shortcomings.

The book is attractively issued by a press which must be annoyed to observe that its excellent reputation is marred by the transposition on page 374 of lines six and eight from the bottom.

The Story of London. By Henry B. Wheatley. Illustrated by W. H. Godfrey, K. Kimball, H. Railton, etc. (The Mediæval Towns Series.) London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: The Macmillan Co. Pp. xvi., 411.

We no longer believe, with the old chroniclers, that Britain was founded by "Brutus, the third by descent from the Trojan Æneas," nor that the word "Albion" was derived from a giant of the name, the son of Neptune. But of the origin of the people of the British Islands we really know not much more, perhaps, than did the inventors of these fanciful tales. The legend of the founding of London by Brut has gone the way of much else, and to-day there are those who venture to doubt whether London existed before the time of the Roman occupation. No patriotic Londoner will subscribe to this flat heresy. Mr. Wheatley rejects the theory, surely with sufficient reason; but on the present occasion he does not go very deeply into the question of the origin of London. He has set himself to tell us of the London of the Middle Ages, a period which, for the purposes of this book, extends from the Norman Conquest to the battle of Bosworth, in 1485. However, he does not adhere pedantically to these limits: in an introduction he has given a sketch of what is known or conjectured as to Saxon London, and, in a final chapter, he has touched lightly on the story of London from mediæval to modern times.

From the date when the Roman legions left Britain to her fate till the Conquest there is a long interval of six and a half centuries. For this period all we have is a few scattered mentions of London in the Saxon Chronicle and elsewhere—for a century and a half no reference to London is found in the Chronicle. So scanty are our sources of information! But it seems established that, towards the end of the ninth century, London was a flourishing city, the seat of considerable trade, and the residence of many foreign merchants. Cnut, described by Dr. Stubbs as one of the "conscious creators of England's greatness," died in 1035. A single generation brings us to the date of the Conquest, with which event begins the continuous history of London. The first Charter of the Conqueror, a document of some four lines, is the first record in this history.

Mr. Wheatley insists on the fact that, during the period of which he writes, London was a walled city, and shows how largely this fact influenced the conditions of life of its citizens. By day, the gates were watched, each by two serjeants, who were careful to see that no leper or fugitive bondman entered the city. At the tolling of the curfew bell the gates were shut; thereafter no one was suffered to go about the streets or ways. The serjeants of Billingsgate and Queenhithe had to see that all boats were moored on the city side of the Thames; none were permitted to cross the river at night. The exaggerated fear of invasion, which in our days has prevented the making of a Channel tunnel, is no new thing. Stow, telling of a report that the French King was meditating an invasion of England, laughs at the panic excited by the rumor: "They that in times past bragged they would blow all Frenchmen out of England, hearing now a vain rumour of the enemy's coming, they run to the walls, break down all the houses adjoining, destroy and lay them flat, and do all things in great fear, not one Frenchman yet having set foot on shipboard; what would they have done if the battle had been at hand, and the weapons over their head!"

Till long after the Conquest, the houses, closely packed together, were but low huts of wood, thatched with straw or reeds. It is no wonder that fires were frequent and destructive. What has been called the first English Building Act provided, in 1189, that party walls should be solidly built, but left untouched the question of roofing. In 1212 a terrible fire raged for ten days; part of London Bridge was destroyed, and it is said that 1,000 persons lost their lives in the fire. After this it was forbidden to roof houses otherwise than with tiles, shingle-boards, or lead. Later, tiles became to be generally used, as may be seen from the map of 1588 given as a frontispiece; in this all the houses are covered with red tiles.

An interesting question relates to the population of London. The poll-tax furnishes the means of calculating that in 1377 the population of the city was about 45,000. Trade seems to have been carried on mostly in the open street: hence the names Cheap and East Cheap. Shops were open to the weather, windows being rare. Trade regulations were strict, and the punishment for cheating severe. In some cases the punishment was such as entirely commends itself to modern judgment. Thus, in 1364, a certain John Penrose, convicting of selling unsound wine, was first compelled to drink a draught of it, then the rest of the stuff was poured on his head.

Having given his readers a picture of

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mediæval London, Mr. Wheatley takes us round the town with Chaucer, Langland, the author of 'Piers Plowman,' Gower, Hoccleve. Then he takes us to the Bridge, in its day esteemed one of the wonders of Europe. As Howell renders a eulogy in Latin verse:

"Let the whol Earth now her wonders count,
This Bridg of Wonders is the Paramount."

The Bridge consisted of nineteen arches and a drawbridge. Under each arch the tide at certain times flowed like a cataract, the force of which was in some cases used to turn mills or to raise water for the service of the city. The bridge seriously impeded the navigation of the river. The fact is crudely expressed in old views which show boats upset and men *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. The drawbridge was London's chief defence in popular uprisings, which always came from the southern counties, then the seat of manufactures. So late as 1554, Sir Thomas Wyat, although he had artillery with him, found the city impregnable on the side of the bridge. He was compelled to lead his forces to the bridge at Kingston before he could cross the Thames and make a serious assault on London. We are not sure that the neighborhood of London Bridge does not better preserve features of Old London than any other part of the city. From Billingsgate one may see the Dutch eel-ships, the successors of eel-ships mentioned in city records of 1412. Near the foot of the Bridge on the northwestern side there is to-day a tavern called the Old Swan. Mr. Wheatley tells us that a tavern with this sign has stood here since the reign of Edward II. Upper Thames Street is still a narrow mediæval lane: the stranger wonders how it can be made to suffice for the great businesses carried on here. The names of wharves and lanes are those found in the oldest maps.

From the Bridge, Mr. Wheatley takes us to the Tower, and tells us its twofold story as a palace and a prison. Other chapters tell of manners, of provision for meeting disease, of the government and governors of the city, of commerce and trade, the church and education.

It is impossible to praise too highly Mr. Wheatley's diligence. He quotes innumerable works giving the discoveries of a host of inquirers. References abound not only to well-known works like those of Mr. Riley, who transcribed and translated many of the city records, but to pamphlets, lectures, and scattered articles. Mr. Wheatley has worked within somewhat confined limits; we hope that some day he may expand this account of mediæval London. We should have liked to find a chapter on law and lawyers. One constant feature of popular risings was, as Mr. Wheatley shows (pp. 51, 55, 56), the fury of the people vented on the lawyers. This violence must have had a cause. If the administration of the law was as corrupt as, later, Latimer, in his sermons before Edward VI., declared it to be, we need hardly seek further. The book has many excellent illustrations, including several reproductions of old and scarce maps. One of the views, the interior of the Middle Temple Hall, is by mistake called Gray's Inn Hall. A fuller index should have been provided.

We advise every reader of this book who may visit London, to inspect, while his recollection of it is still fresh, the London antiquities of the Guildhall Museum. Here he will find, somewhat unworthily housed, a most interesting collection, illustrated by an admirable catalogue lately prepared by Mr. Charles Welch, the City Librarian. Here are flint implements, telling of a time compared with which the Roman occupation is but of yesterday; implements of the bronze and iron ages, Roman pavements, and all manner of household objects, glass, pottery, tools, and so on down to the jovial "Bellarmines" which once held good Rhenish wine.

The Hour-Glass, and Other Plays. Being Volume II. of Plays for an Irish Theatre. By W. B. Yeats. The Macmillan Co., 1904.

There are two forces working to-day for the regeneration of Ireland—working, that is, from within—quite apart from the external remedies devised at St. Stephen's. The Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland is an Irish organization that aims at improving the material conditions of the people, at a revival of agriculture and industry. To stop the leak at Queenstown, to replace a listless population whose energies are satisfied with the occupation of watching cattle fatten for the English markets, by a nation of practical farmers tilling the land instead of grazing it—that is the object of the Department. Its promoters are ready to call in experts of every nationality to further these ends, and their agents and instructors are usually Scotch or English, rather than Irish; they realize that national jealousies and resentments must wait until Ireland can hold her own. The only prosperous corner of Ireland is the least Irish. If Cork and Galway are to prosper, it will be by imitating the Scotch thrift and industry of Belfast.

The Gaelic League, on the other hand, attacks the problem from a different point of view. Mr. Yeats and his friends would like to cure Ireland of "West Britonism," to de-Anglicize her national life, to give her a place among the nations not by reason of any successful imitation of English virtues and methods, but by restoring Celticism, which is the antithesis of Anglo-Saxon ideals. Their imaginations are fired by the picture of a small and independent nation speaking its own language, living its own economic life, exclusive as Sparta and honored like Sparta. "What was it put you astray?" asks Bridget of Cathleen ni Hoolihan who stands for the spirit of Ireland in Mr. Yeats's play. "Too many strangers in the house" is the answer of the old woman, who is transformed into "a young girl with the walk of a queen." A nation of poets and dreamers such as the leaders of this Renaissance envisage is probably alien to the ambitions of every practical Irish politician who desires to regenerate Irish national life. But to interest the Irish people in Ireland, to turn their eyes from America, to rouse them from the lethargy that is fostered by their morbid religious life—that must be the aim of every Irish patriot. The Gaelic movement has undoubtedly reached the people and stimulated them to a common interest. Even though, in the future, it is likely to be swamped by more material and practical interests—the interests of an Ireland drawn into the main current—this increase of vitality will not have been wasted.

Mr. Yeats is one of the chief promoters of the Irish National Theatre Society, whose foundation is one of the most hopeful achievements of the movement. The three plays in the volume before us have been performed with great success in Dublin by the Society, and in London their performance has at least roused curiosity. The first play, "The Hour-Glass," was acted, it will be remembered, in New York last April at the Garrick. It is a sort of "morality" play of the type which "Everyman" has made familiar. A Wise Man, who symbolizes the lust of knowledge, has succeeded in expelling religious belief from a whole community. Only Teigue, the Fool, clings to his superstitions. To the Wise Man appears an Angel, who, standing in the doorway, announces that he must die within the hour and without hope of salvation unless he can find a single believer whom he has not perverted. His wife, his children, his pupils have been too well trained by himself. But the Fool, who, because he has never lost his visions, is wiser than the philosopher, saves his soul as the last grain of sand runs out of the glass. "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" is Young Ireland, who appears as an old woman, the traditional Shan Van Vocht, and persuades a young man on the eve of his wedding to leave his bride and join the French who are landing to fight against England. Michael puts aside the entreaties of his bride and his parents and goes away with the old woman, who, as she leaves the cabin, is transformed into a fair young girl, Ireland, throwing off her decrepitude and renewing her youth when the young men answer her appeal. In the last play, "A Pot of Broth," Mr. Yeats forsakes allegory and symbolism for pure comedy. It is the only one of the three that is essentially Irish, for Young Ireland might as well be Young Italy, and the Wise Man and the Fool are of no nationality. But the humor of "A Pot of Broth"—the beggar who trades on superstition and the miserly countrywoman who lets herself be wheedled out of a dinner by a present of a stone that makes "grand broth" or poteen if desired with the aid of a little boiling water; the husband, only half convinced; the priest, who will lose the dinner that was being prepared for him and is appropriated by the eloquent beggar—these are a faithful reflection from cabin life. It is curious to find Mr. Yeats at his best, on the dramatic side, in comedy. He is to be judged as a writer of plays by the shorter pieces such as the three in this volume. In a long play, such as "Where There is Nothing," which was a signal failure in London last June, when produced at the Court Theatre, he does not succeed in being either coherent or dramatic. But his short plays have so far been spirited and effective.

Queen Elizabeth and the Levant Company. A Diplomatic and Literary Episode of the Establishment of Our Trade with Turkey. By the Rev. H. G. Rosedale, M.A., D.D., F.R.S.L. Henry Frowde. 1904. Pp. xii.; 92; 26 facsimile illustrations.

That Queen Elizabeth was of a frugal mind has been amply proved on divers counts, and so it is no special surprise to learn that she made the English trading companies support her ambassadors. Such at least was the case with the Levant Company at Constantinople, as Dr. H. G. Rosedale has developed it for us in this sumptuous folio. It is a tiny bit of mixed com-

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merce and history that he treats, but the matter is illuminative and suggestive enough. The agent of the Levant Company was Sir Edward Barton, paid by them, but acting also as English ambassador. In itself this was a hard combination to handle, but Turkish complications made it especially hard in 1595. In 1594 the company had brought itself to the point of sending a large conciliatory present to Sultan Murad III. (Amurath in our annals); but on January 16, 1595, new style, he died, was succeeded by Muhammad III., and the present had been practically thrown away. Get the company to make another, Sir Edward Barton could not; yet, if none were made, he saw that English trade would be killed. His only hope was Elizabeth, and her penuriousness did not allow that hope to be large. However, he set to work, by cunning narratives of the situation at Constantinople and of the virtues of the most virtueless Muhammad, to move the Privy Council and the Queen to pay for another present. But for all this he needed time, and so he had to hold up by various devices the ordinary diplomatic communications on the new accession, that present and congratulation might not be too far apart.

The skein is a tangled one, and this book evidently gives only a few threads. Principal among them is a long narrative—a most evident *Tendenz-schrift*—telling of the death of Murad and the accession of Muhammad, and drawn up for Sir Edward Barton in Italian by a certain Jew, a dragoman and spy of antecedents. This was meant as a most potent lever to bring the Council to terms, yet it was not until the autumn of 1599 that the present, a mechanical organ and gilded carriage, reached the Sultan. The organ-builder, Master Thomas Dallam, has left in his diary a naïve account how he, in terror of his life, had to display it to the Sultan, and came out in the end with forty-five sequins, "not a little joyfull of my good suckses."

Dr. Rosedale has been careful to give facsimiles of many of the documents quoted, but his renderings are not always very exact. On chronology he is weak. New Style and Old Style and the Muhammadan reckoning have bothered him. Thus, on page 5, the date of a letter is given as the first of Rabi'a 1, A. H. 1002, and is rendered as A. D. 1594. The corresponding date was really November 25, 1593. Similarly, on page 59, the middle of Safar, 1004, is rendered A. D. 1596. It was rather the latter part of October, 1595. On page 20, in the translation of the long Italian document, Murad is said to have died January 6, 1595. The Italian gives more fully and accurately January 6, O. S., and January 16, N. S. But on page 23, still in the translation from the Italian, the date is given "in the night of January 6 [according to modern style]"; the Italian has rightly, "di notte alli di Gen. alla moderna." On page 57, in a letter from the "Viceroy of Constantinople" to Queen Elizabeth, is a very obscure passage. "Nel anno 1003 alli di luna di Gumasiul evel" can hardly mean anything but "in A.H. 1003 on the 16th of Jumada 1," *i. e.*, January 28, A. D. 1595. Dr. Rosedale renders this, "During the year 1003, on the 16th of the month of January"; and it is true that Murad died on the night of January 16, 1595, N. S., but the translation is quite impossible. Apparently the Italian translator of the Turkish original must have blundered.

The equipment of facsimiles is most complete, but it would have been better if we had been told whence the portraits were derived. Some are evidently from old prints, but the frontispiece, called a "rare engraving of Queen Elizabeth," and truly a most curious effigies, does not look like an engraving at all.

La Fayette dans la Révolution, 1775-1799. (Politiques d'autrefois.) Par Henri Doniol. Paris: Armand Colin. 1904.

This book differs very widely in manner of treatment from the notable study which the same author devoted some time ago to the evacuation of France by the Prussians. In his monograph entitled 'M. Thiers; le Comte de Saint-Vallier; le Général de Manteuffel,' M. Doniol discusses at great length and with minute scrutiny of detail the diplomatic relations of Paris and Berlin during the years 1871-1873. The series of essays which he styles "Politiques d'autrefois" is conceived in the spirit of criticism rather than of investigation, and will be valuable chiefly as representing a certain type of opinion.

La Fayette has undoubtedly suffered in the eyes of posterity from the nickname of Grandison-Cromwell which was fastened on him by Mirabeau. Few, probably, would go so far as to question the sincerity of his idealistic professions, especially during the period of his American adventures; but to sympathize with the National Convention while at the same time applauding La Fayette is an impossibility. Accordingly, the writers who defend the radical measures of 1792 and 1793 are bound to hold a brief against the commander of the National Guard. Timidity, vanity, lack of humor, and political incapacity have been charged against him by a large number of recent writers. That one who had enjoyed unbounded fame and real influence in 1791 should so suddenly lose his power and political standing in the spring of 1792, may be no more surprising than other vagaries of the revolutionary movement; but the circumstances under which the fall took place have given color to repeated charges of incompetence. M. Doniol, in other respects an unqualified admirer of La Fayette, admits that he was at fault when he began to treat with the enemy in 1792, but for this error he finds extenuation in the relations of the General and the Court:

"Il avait commis la faute par esprit de gouvernement dans l'ordre d'idées qui avait présidé à l'institution nouvelle; le gouvernement pratiqué avec sincérité de la part de la royauté et de celle des sujets, sans esprit d'artifice, conséquemment sans suscipions. Il l'avait commise n'admettant pas d'autre mode que de pratiquer cette institution pour remédier à ses insuffisances ou à ses imprévus et pour préserver des emportements."

For M. Doniol, La Fayette is a true hero of the constitutional age, an enlightened champion of the ideas which triumphed in 1789 only to be overwhelmed by the excesses of the Legislative and the Convention. It is quite possible to espouse La Fayette's cause and principles without having much enthusiasm for him as a political leader, but M. Doniol's appreciation of the man does not spring merely from belief in the justice of his views. It is the personality quite as much as the system which we are called on to revere. A passage from the Memoirs of General Thiébault strikes the keynote of this volume. At the fête of the Federation in 1790, when La Fayette was galloping through the Champ de Mars, a voice from the crowd exclaimed: "Le voyez-vous? Il galope dans les siècles à venir." M. Doniol presents him under the figure of the citizen-soldier riding at the head of the troops of freedom, undaunted by faction, and drawing perpetual inspiration from his pure belief in the principles of liberty. Thinking thus, he lays much stress on his letters from prison: "On en formerait une merveilleuse *Morale en action* pour l'enseignement civique en vogue actuellement. Elles consacrent l'admiration qu'inspira La Fayette à deux générations successives du dernier siècle." It is certainly in this body of correspondence that the La Fayette of the Revolution discloses himself to the best advantage, for here his lack of skill in practical politics cannot obtrude itself, while the nobility of his sentiments carries the more force from its association with his sufferings.

M. Doniol devotes a third of his space to La Fayette's part in the American Revolution, and a quarter of it to a chapter on the eve of the Consulate; but the central section of the study, in respect to both position and importance, is concerned with "The Years of Power and the Years of Gaol." If a man's political career is to be tested by the weakest link of the chain, the first half of 1792 is the critical point for any biographer of La Fayette; and even if we are not inclined to accept so severe a standard, this period is of vital interest. M. Doniol's treatment of it is marked by judgment and candor—qualities which are not absent from the other parts of his attractive essay.

The Pathway to Reality: Being the Gifford Lectures delivered in the University of St. Andrew's in the Session 1903-'04. By the Right Honorable R. B. Haldane. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

Mr. Haldane's 'Pathway,' which has now reached its "second stage," may be regarded from various points of view. In noticing its first volume we regarded it mainly as significant of the intellectual hobbies of prominent British politicians. Its title suggests that it may be an excursion into Hegelian exegetics, a sort of scramble over the terminal moraine left by the retreat of a once imposing but now greatly shrunken glacier of the philosophic world, in conducting which Mr. Haldane acts as an expert "ladies' guide," stopping to emit sympathetic groans about the hardness and stoniness of the path (pp. 13, 18, 95, 271), dallying a little with flowers of poetry he picks up by the wayside, and, when he finally penetrates to the *séracs* and crevasses of the ice-fall, calling on his gratified followers to note the fearful abysses of thought on the brink of which they stand (p. 14). But though this view is suggested also by the easy eclecticism with which Mr. Haldane grasps at post-Hegelian doctrines when he comes to the *mauvais pas* of his route (*e. g.*, Professor Royce's idea of a *totum simul*), yet it would not do justice to his intention. Mr. Haldane has also aimed, more ambitiously, at producing a guide to ultimate reality. Or, rather, since he assures us,

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with admirable gravity, that "it is to the history of philosophy [!] that we must turn if we would gain an abiding insight into ultimate reality," he has compiled a sort of guide-book to some philosophic antiquities. He recites the old familiar phrases with the most amiable enthusiasm, and much gush about Hegel, whom he even seems to credit with the portentous discovery that the universe is the "totality of existence" (p. 99)!

But, as he takes no account of criticism, it is not surprising that he should leave the old difficulties much as he found them. Thus, his "proof" that mind is the ultimate reality will hardly seem a successful vindication of idealism so long as it slurs over the fact that it makes relation to a "material" nature as necessary to mind as mind is to nature. Nor does it seem a valid procedure first to argue from the "finite" to the "infinite" mind, and then to conclude that the basis of the inference, the finite mind, has not a real existence (p. 101). Nor does he see that the analogy between the two breaks down, because they have not the same relation to reality, which the one creates and the other accepts. What entitles us, then, to call them both by the same name? Again, on any view of "infinite" mind, how can it have the purposes and ends so frequently ascribed to it (pp. 117, 130, 207)? Mr. Haldane gayly asserts (p. 120) that there is no real difficulty in the problem of evil. But when he *comes to it*, he merely repeats that it is due to the freedom to choose evil possessed (how and why?) by finite spirits (pp. 129-132). That is, he has recourse to a real indetermination in the universe, which seems incompatible with the absolute rationality Hegelism began by assuming. And how does it mend matters to suggest (p. 133) that anyhow neither evil nor nature exists for "God"? That no doubt destroys the problem *"for God."* But it renders it hopeless *for us.* For we can then no longer look to God for relief from an illusion which does not exist for God. Once more, it is hardly philosophic to reject solipsism because it seems absurd to "instinctive feeling" (pp. 99-100), and it remains obscure why the conception of mind as substance should produce solipsism (p. 60), or how by abandoning this category we are delivered from the perils (what?) of solipsism (p. 70).

Mr. Haldane is hardly more successful in defending Hegelian terminology than in reiterating Hegelian solutions. He repeatedly protests against the scepticism in which Mr. F. H. Bradley's idealism ends (pp. xiii., 73, 265). But he never refutes it, nor even really grapples with it. And it seems curiously naïve to propose that, for the purposes of Hegelian apologetics, *thought* shall be taken to include *feeling*, and shall not be restricted to mere thinking (pp. xiii., 41, 48, 73). For that there is such a thing as discursive thought is not, presumably, disputed; nor that it differs from immediate apprehension. It would seem, therefore, to defy an elementary rule of scientific terminology not to distinguish things which are clearly distinguishable, and for which distinct names exist. Still, Mr. Haldane's motive is clear. A stricter distinction would greatly impair the plausibility of the Hegelian rationalism. Again, Mr. Haldane is, of course, aware that "faculties" are no longer, psychologically, in repute. And this seems fatal to Hegel's play with the antithesis of "reason" and "understanding." But Mr. Haldane thinks that he can save the situation by admitting that they are not faculties but different *modes* of *thinking about things* (p. 62), and then proceeding to use the antithesis as before!

Now it is hardly credible that if a man of Mr. Haldane's ability had contemplated the Hegelian scheme in the cold-blooded way so often, and so wrongly, supposed to characterize philosophers, he would not have felt these difficulties. But it is clear that he does not so regard it. Hegelism is Mr. Haldane's *religion* even more than it is his philosophy, and what constitutes its value in his eyes is the satisfaction it affords to his religious, rather than to his scientific needs. It is, therefore, from this point of view that his book must finally be judged. Or, rather, it must not be judged so much as respectfully recorded. For the modes of religious synthesis are infinitely various, and often to the outward eye surpassing strange, nor need there be any very obvious connection between the verbal formulation of a creed and its spiritual value. Thus, it is a well-known fact that the monotonous reiteration of the sacred monosyllable "om," or the constant recitation of soul-compelling and mouth-filling cries like "Yah Hassan! Yah Husein!", is capable of throwing some minds into ecstasies of religious conviction. A similar potency is evidently possessed by mystic phrases like (p. 159) "Absolute Mind in itself; Absolute Mind in its hetereity or otherness, under the distinction which it has set up of itself from itself; and Absolute Mind in synthesis, a synthesis which is the real *prius* of the other two." To those who are not born with the Hegelian mind, this will ever remain foolishness, despite all interpreters. But in those who have the proper psychic disposition it may engender a sort of intellectual vertigo, which is the more exquisitely delightful for being communicable only to the elect. Modern psychologists, of course, have discovered that they can mimic and artificially induce these ecstasies by nitrous oxide and the like. But even psychologists could hardly explain the marvel that the religious emotions of the followers of the Guiana Indians' prophet "Jeremiah" should be stimulated by chanting the multiplication table in English, while those of the Scottish lawyer should react rather to the more dubious verities of the Hegelian categories in German. As, however, the intricacies of religious psychology come to be better known, we shall doubtless grow more tolerant and less inclined to limit the pathways by which the soul may seek its spiritual repose.

The Life and Times of Thomas Smith: 1745-1809. A Pennsylvania Member of the Continental Congress. By Burton Alva Konkle. With an Introduction by the Hon. Hampton L. Carson, LL.D. Philadelphia: Campion & Co. 1904. Pp. 303.

Mr. Konkle has given us a good biography of his subject in connection with a careful account of the political conditions of his time. Thomas Smith, surveyor, lawyer, State representative, and member of the Continental Congress, and judge, was what may be called a public man of the second order. But it is well that we should have careful studies of public men of the second order, because the student is usually less concerned with the larger tendencies of the time, and, consequently, is less likely to be influenced by the conventional interpretation of the period. This is particularly true of the Revolution, which has been viewed too exclusively as a movement for independence of England. More detailed studies of local interests and of local men will aid in correcting this error.

A considerable portion of Mr. Konkle's book (chapters v.-x.) deals with the political history of Pennsylvania during the Revolution and the decade following. The keynote to the party struggles during this period is to be found in the conflict between the extreme radicals and the moderate conservatives. The State Constitution of 1776 gave expression to the rather democratic views of the extreme radicals. The conservatives opposed the Constitution of 1776, and resisted radical control of the Government *per se* and not because they were opposed to the war. Yet the radicals maintained their position throughout the Revolution, because they had the immense advantage of posing as the only true "patriots." In withstanding them the conservatives, on the other hand, incurred the stigma of "loyalist." "The very critical situation of public affairs is of much advantage to the Assembly and their friends," Wilson writes to St. Clair. "While we oppose tyranny from a foreign power," he says in another connection, "we should think ourselves lost to every sense of duty and shame, were we tamely to acquiesce in a system of government which . . . will introduce the same results . . . among ourselves." Smith was one of the conservative leaders, and his opposition to the radical Constitution resulted in the loss of his offices. What impresses one in the study of Pennsylvania politics during this period is, indeed, the extent to which interest centred in the question of the organization of the State Government and the policy of the State administration; the war seems almost to have been of secondary importance.

There were bound up in the Revolution, in fact, two great questions, not necessarily connected with each other—the questions of the relation of the colonies to England, and the question of the extension of political privileges to the unfranchised in the colonies. In the colonial period the assemblies were in the hands of the property classes, but, in resisting the royal governors, they were forced to justify themselves by an appeal to natural right and popular welfare. They seemed to stand for democratic principles in government, and their constant insistence upon the rights of the colonists as against the governors fostered the democratic spirit and led the unfranchised classes to hope for political equality. The Revolutionary struggle, because it was conducted in part outside the assemblies, opened the door to the unfranchised, who for the first time became a force in practical politics, but were working, directly or indirectly, quite as much for political equality with the property class as they were for home rule in respect to England. The result was that the property class in the party that had steadily resisted the colonial governors, began, soon after 1765, to take a conservative attitude. They became

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conscious of their inherent conservatism; and from 1765 until far into the Revolution the history of factions centres in no small measure in the opposition of this class to the growing influence of those who had previously had no share in political action. The indifference to the war that existed in many States, the bitter factional conflicts, the continued application of the term "loyalist" to many who gave their support to the war, the reaction which is exhibited in the State constitutions and which found its full expression in Federalism—these things cannot be perfectly understood while the Revolutionary period is regarded exclusively from the standpoint of home rule. The question of home rule was complicated by the question whether home rule, if allowed, was to be based on equality or restriction of political privilege.

In tracing the public life of Thomas Smith from 1776 to 1791, Mr. Konkle has done something to emphasize these facts. He has apparently been at great pains to examine the original sources, the most important of which, naturally, are the Smith papers. The public documents at Washington, Philadelphia, and Harrisburg have also been used extensively. In handling this material the author has exhibited good judgment, if not always, perhaps, the skill of the trained historian. His method, we are told, has been the simple one of introducing "the reader at once to the original sources." While one might infer from this that the book is a collection of extracts accompanied with connecting comments, such is far from being the case. A valuable feature is a number of maps worked out by the author from the records, representing such phases of Pennsylvania history as the county organization and the Indian purchases in 1768. In all there are forty-three illustrations, mostly very good ones. The story is interestingly told, in a style which, if it has no special excellence, has no marked defects, except a certain rambling diffuseness. Errors are infrequent. The author speaks of Thomas Smith's brother, William, having published, in 1757, a 'History of New York' (p. 14). So far as we know, there was only one 'History of New York' published by a William Smith, and he, certainly, was not the brother of Thomas. Mr. Konkle has also adopted the common misconception that the colonies were to be taxed to "pay off the great war debt" (p. 16). A more detailed and precise description of the sources used would have been helpful.

Air, Food, and Exercises: An Essay on the Predisposing Causes of Disease. By A. Rabagliati, M.A., M.D., etc. Third edition, greatly enlarged and almost entirely rewritten. New York: William Wood & Co.

In this essay for the laity the author maintains that the chief error in the physical life of man is overfeeding. If one were to assert baldly that he explains in this way the occurrence of barber's itch, cancer, pneumonia, and other diverse serious disorders, we fear that few would spend time or money upon the volume. Nevertheless, he believes "the disease of *sycosis menti* to consist not by any means in the presence of the parasite as in . . . the state of the body and tissues" (p. 492); as to cancer, the rapidly increasing malignant disease of temperate climates, that "the essence of the disease . . . is the hypertrophy [overgrowth]; the occurrence of parasites [pathological cells], the accident. . . . What sources can there be but the environment of the organism . . . and . . . what so likely to be the chief cause of change in the body as the food?" (pp. 397-8). "In many instances . . . persons attacked with pneumonia have had no previous illness at all in years. . . . He lived freely and indulged in the pleasures of the table. I cannot doubt that this was the reason why he was struck down by an attack of pneumonia" (p. 461). The interpretation of these unusual expressions seems to be that errors of diet in the wide sense, not the casual use of unfit food causing temporary indigestion, but habits of eating that persistently oppose the course of nature, lead to a general vital depression which lowers resistance to the agencies of disease. In other words, such errors collectively are important assignable causes. The author goes so far as to say: "I think that the chief predisposing cause of . . . measles, scarlatina, diphtheria, typhoid fever, influenza, and the rest [of the acute fevers] is improper feeding, and chiefly overfeeding." To claim that immunity to the contagious eruptive diseases may be attained by a theoretically perfect dietary seems the veriest nonsense, whereas it is doubtless true that persons fall victims to the infectious diseases at large, as consumption, influenza, pneumonia, and diphtheria, in proportion as their resistance, whatever may be its essence, is lowered.

Dr. Rabagliati seems to have had an extensive practice for a long time, and cites example after example of weak and thin people who have become strong and stout by diminishing the quantity of food, and particularly the frequency with which it is taken. Notwithstanding his Italian patronymic, the author writes primarily for an English environment, and it would be amusing were it not simply affecting to observe by his formal notes how completely life may centre about the table. Where the quantity of food, and particularly of carbonaceous food, was materially reduced, the essayist's patients appear to have done well, whether they had asthma or white swelling. We can accept the author's practice more readily than his doctrine, and faithfully follow the Book of Common Prayer in asking to be kept temperate in our meats and drinks, confident that, if our petition be granted, at least physical blessings will follow. Many may look upon the standards suggested as unreasonably low, but let them be compared with the rations upon which the Japanese army is campaigning, with the regimen of the Bedouin, with the sustenance of our own Indian runner or his cousin the Mexican courier, or with the food that sustains the Italian laboring on our public works. Those who merely eat to live will enjoy a life physically worth living.

We cannot follow our author in his doctrine that "the disease of misery," and also of comfortable life—cancer—primarily depends upon excess of food, even as excess is qualified in the text. But this vagary does not detract from the general value of the paper. The doctrine grows that the balance of unexpended nutriment is more than negatively harmful. That balance does not pass away mechanically and innocuously. It clogs the system, it interferes with the vital machinery, and it reacts. The morning headache from alcoholic excess is an acute symbol of what occurs more slowly when superfluous food is stored within the body, instead of in the larder. These consequences are gradual, but they are persistent. Nevertheless, they seem too slender a foundation for the doctrine "that on the whole the causes of disease, of all diseases, are practically the same" (p. 381), and to be avoided by self-restraint.

The text contains approximately 160,000 words, but it might be compressed, without loss and with more force, into one-sixth as many. The book is attractive except as to bulk. The index is indifferent.

Sir William Henry Flower. By Charles J. Cornish. Macmillan Co. 1904. 8vo, pp. xii., 274. Portraits.

William Henry Flower, third son of Edward Fordham and Celina Greaves Flower, was born at Stratford-on-Avon, November 30, 1831. Much of his father's early life had been passed in America, where he took a keen interest in sport and still more in the struggle for the suppression of the slave trade. After his marriage he settled at Stratford, being the founder of the brewery which is the principal industry of the town, and from which he amassed a competency. In 1871 he moved to London, where he was known for his philanthropy, especially in behalf of the suppression of cruelty to animals, and where he died in 1883.

The subject of this memoir was educated in various schools and at University College, which he entered in 1847, and where, in spite of interruptions due to delicate health, he won many honors; afterwards pursuing medical studies at the Middlesex Hospital, where in 1853 he was appointed junior house surgeon and curator of the Hospital Museum. From his youth he was devoted to natural history, a taste encouraged by his family and by his teachers at college, among whom were numbered such eminent men as George Busk, Campbell De Morgan, and Lord Lister.

In 1854 he joined the medical staff of the army, was attached to the Sixty-third Regiment of Foot, and proceeded to the seat of war in the Crimea. Those who would realize the changes which have taken place in the last half century in matters of hygiene and military equipment, may read Flower's letters from the field with profit. Indeed, the lack of everything like efficiency or comprehension of the needs of the occasion by the British authorities of the day seems to the present reader almost inconceivable, and even then presented a shocking contrast to the equipment of the French contingent of the allied army. Flower did all that could be done under the circumstances, but, after less than four months' service, his health gave way and he was invalided home, with honors. In 1857 he received his surgeon's diploma and returned to the hospital and to private practice.

On April 15, 1858, he married Georgiana, youngest daughter of Rear-Admiral Smyth, well known for his astronomical researches. This marriage proved ideal in its results; for more than forty years its happiness was unshadowed by death or serious misfortune within the limits of the family, to which Sir

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William was ardently devoted. In 1861 he gave up practice to accept the post of Conservator of the Hunterian Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. Here he spent twenty-two years, during which he revolutionized the classification and arrangement of the museum, and greatly enlarged it, while constantly contributing to the literature of comparative anatomy, and acquiring the warm friendship of such veterans as Owen, Huxley, Lyell, Hooker, and Darwin. The new Natural History Museum at South Kensington, largely owing to the untiring efforts of Richard Owen, was completed, and the collections transferred from Bloomsbury in 1881; but Owen's years and infirmities obliged him to retire two years later. By an almost unanimous public as well as official opinion, Flower was indicated as Owen's successor, and began his duties in March, 1884. Early in 1897 his own health, in turn, became precarious, and in June he felt obliged to resign his office; he lingered for two years, dying July 1, 1899, in the bosom of his family. For details of his life and the various honors heaped upon him, we must refer to the volume under review. Here we can attempt but a brief summary of what he was and what he accomplished.

Flower was a man of noble presence, striking manly beauty, and of a most kindly and unaffected nature. This is evident when we note that he succeeded in being at one and the same moment the friend of Huxley and Richard Owen, and that, being one of the early evolutionists, he yet preserved the affection of the Duke of Argyll without in the least receding from the position which seemed to him to be indicated by the facts. He was a devout and humble Christian, a self-sacrificing worker, a miracle of persistent, steady devotion to the profession he had at heart. With these gifts he succeeded where greater men had failed. He was, we may fairly say, the first man in Great Britain to elevate the keeping of a museum into one of the higher professions; was one of the first in the world to introduce modern ideas into the administration of museums, and the originator of many most important advances in the methods of museum administration. He was an excellent comparative anatomist, a specialist in the first rank of students of the Cetacea, a useful contributor to anthropology, a lover of poetry, of outdoor life, of children, and animals. Not a genius, he was lamented more than any scientist of his generation, in his own country, and by those of other lands who had had the privilege of his friendship and knew his worth in spite of his modesty. He was loved by his colleagues and honored by his Queen and those in authority.

It was well that a memoir should be written to keep him and his work in remembrance among those whose professional lines lie in other directions. The volume is well printed, supplied with several excellent portraits, a full index, and a full, but not very workmanlike, bibliography of some two hundred titles.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Anderson, Frank Maloy. The Constitutions and Other Select Documents Illustrative of the History of France—1789-1901. Minneapolis: The H. W. Wilson Co.

Baker, H. Barton. History of the London Stage —1576—1903. 2d ed. London: George Routledge & Sons, Ltd.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

Biometrika. Vol. III.; Parts II. and III. Cambridge: The University Press; New York: The Macmillan Co. 20s. net.

Brandl, Alois, und Keller, Wolfgang. Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft. Berlin: Langenscheidtsche Verlagsbuchhandlung.

Brouner, Walter Brooks; and Fung Yuet Mow. Chinese Made Easy. Introduction by Herbert A. Giles. The Macmillan Co. $6 net.

Buchanan, R. The Mathematical Theory of Eclipses. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Busbey, Hamilton. The Trotting and the Pacing Horse in America. (American Sportsman's Library.) The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

Clark, John Bates. The Problem of Monopoly. The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

Cornish, W. F. Studies on Hesiod. No. II.—The Shield of Hercules. Oxford, 116 High Street; New York: Henry Frowde. 1s.

Diderot's Thoughts on Art and Style. Translated by Beatrix L. Tollemache. London: Rivingtons. 3s. 6d.

Draper, George Otis. Still on the Search. New York: Peter Eckler. $1.50 net.

Flanders, Henry. The Life of John Marshall. Reissue. Philadelphia: T. & J. W. Johnson & Co. $3 net.

Franay, Gabriel. La Marraine de Peau d'Ane. Paris: Armand Colin. 3 fr. 50.

Gwynn, Stephen. The Masters of English Literature. The Macmillan Co. $1.10 net.

Hastings, Rev. J. Dictionary of the Bible. An extra volume, containing articles, indexes and maps. Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.

Hoenshel, E. J. Essentials of Orthography and Orthoepy. Topeka, Kan.: Crane & Co. 15 cents.

Hudson, W. H. Green Mansions. (Fiction.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.20 net.

Life and Letters of H. Taine, 1853-70. Translated by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

Mann, Horace. The World-Destroyer. Washington: Lucas-Lincoln Co. $1.00.

Mason, Caroline Atwater. The White Shield. (Fiction.) Philadelphia: American Baptist Publishing Society.

Moore, Charles Leonard. The Red Branch Crests. (Drama.) Published in Philadelphia by the Writer.

Moore, Rev. Walter W. A Year in Europe. Richmond, Va.: Presbyterian Committee of Publication. $1.25; postage 15 cents.

Morris, Charles. Historical Tales. American. Second series. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Murphy, Jeannette Robinson. Southern Thoughts for Northern Thinkers, and African Music in America. New York: The Bandanna Pub. Co. $1.25 net.

Myers Grosses Konversations-Lexikon. Volume VII.: Franzensbad to Glashaus. Leipzig and Vienna. Bibliographilchen Institut; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.

Nelson, Nels L. Scientific Aspects of Mormonism. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75 net.

Price, W. E. The Author's Year Book and Guide for 1904. New York, 24-26 East Twenty-first Street.

Rosengarten, J. G. American History from German Archives. Philadelphia: Campion & Co.

Ruyssen, T. Essai sur l'Evolution du Jugement. (Fondation Thiers.) Paris: Félix Alcan.

Simmonds, F. W. Normal Institute Physiology. Topeka, Kan.: Crane & Co. 30 cents.

Smith, H. The World's Earliest Music. London: W. Reeves; New York: Scribners. $1.75.

Snider, Denton J. Modern European Philosophy. St. Louis: Sigma Publishing Co.

Stearns, Frank P. True Republicanism, or the Real and Ideal in Politics. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Stephen, Sir Leslie. Hobbes. (English Men of Letters.) The Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.

Telleen, John Martin. Milton dans la Littérature Française. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898. Vol. XVI.—1609. Cleveland, O.: The Arthur H. Clark Co.

The Poultry Book. Part XI. Doubleday, Page & Co. 50 cents net.

Tocqueville's L'Ancien Régime. Edited by G. W. Headlam. H. Frowde.

Weale, B. L. Putnam. Manchu and Muscovite. Macmillan.

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